The Bystander, August 10, 1921 No. 923. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

BY THE "GLAD" SEA WAVES

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
SEYMOUR HICKS & ISOBEL ELSOM & CO., GEORGE & BUTCHER, KHARUM, WALTER WILLIAMS & GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, POWER & BENDON, MISGUETTE & MAXLY, Etc.

COURT. (Ger. 848). THE IRISH PLAYERS
IN
THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). "SYBIL"
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Revue Success PINS & NEEDLES
With AGNES SOURET, France's Most Beautiful Girl.
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday & Saturday at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Friday, at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

STRAND. To-night (Wed.) at 8. THE TRUMP CARD
A Farce by Arthur Wimperis. MAT., SAT. at 2.30.
Kyrle Bellew, Jack Buchanan, Eric Lewis, Norman Page, John Deverell, Margaret Bannerman.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy. Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

ATTRACTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE
MILLINERY
FOR TRAVELLING AND HOLIDAY WEAR

SMART TRICORNE SHAPED HAT (as sketch) of good quality velour, with charming ornament of coloured wooden beads and kilted ribbon to tone. In a variety of colourings.

PRICE 3½ GNS.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET
(CAVENDISH SQUARE)
LONDON, W.1.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3.

A SHACKLETON EXPEDITION DE LUXE
(For Ladies and Gentlemen)
Organised and accompanied by the well-known traveller,
Mr. EDWARD GRAY, *(Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society).*
VISITING Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the enchanting South Sea Islands, Honolulu, California, and America.
Sailing 28th OCTOBER in the P. and O. Royal Mail Steamer "Naldera" (16,000 tons) and returning in MAY.
Cost . . . £888.
Descriptive Itinerary from Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S. C/o New Zealand Government Offices, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter).
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SPECIALLY REQUIRED.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand.
Secretary—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

MAILEY'S GOOGLIES
County and Test Cricket
Caricatured by the famous
Australian Bowler - Artist.
32 PAGES. ONE SHILLING.
Now on Sale.
GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LTD.,
GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, WHITEFRIARS, E.C. 4.

TAFFETAS TEAFROCKS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

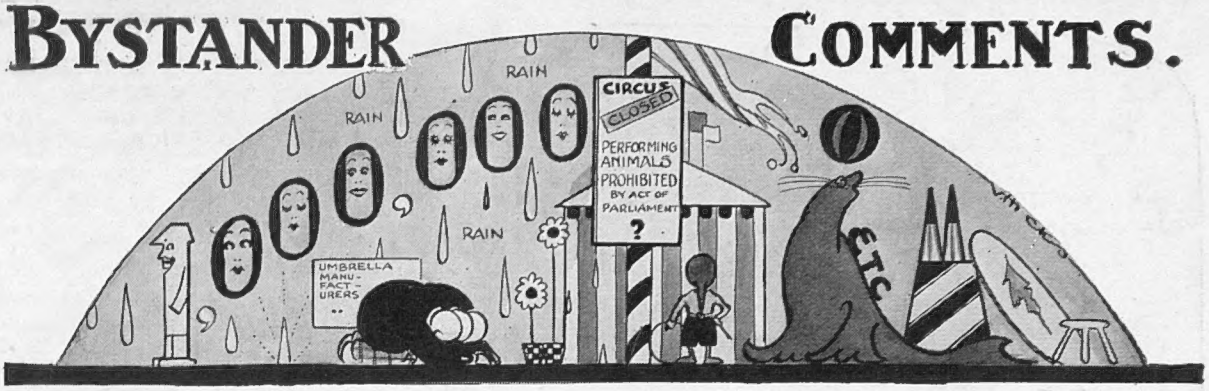
IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms, from materials of exceptional value and quality, a large number of taffetas Tea Frocks of which sketch is a typical example.

"Moira"
DAINTY TEA FROCK in good quality chiffon Taffetas, new magyar bodice and full skirt mounted on elastic daintily trimmed self frills, finished with wide sash. In all colours and Black.

Special Price
98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

BYSTANDER COMMENTS.



By Victor Hicks

There's a million more women than men, dear Sir
For these few drops we're thankfully humble.

The doom of the circus would seem to be sealed
But the seal, etc., won't grumble

Sensation in the Strand

One day last week I emerged from a tube station and walked up one of London's busiest thoroughfares. I noticed something strange about the passers-by. In one single night, as it seemed, ladies' fashions had undergone a complete change. Here were the high necks and the low dresses, the evident corsets and everything else to delight the heart of Mrs. Kendal and those others who have made so vain a crusade against the diaphanous garb of the modern woman. Nothing could well be more opaque than the costumes I noticed on nearly every girl and woman who passed me. No—I had not got mixed up with a kinema crowd, as you might easily suppose. I was in the Strand on Bank Holiday.

Diaphanous Streetscape Decorations

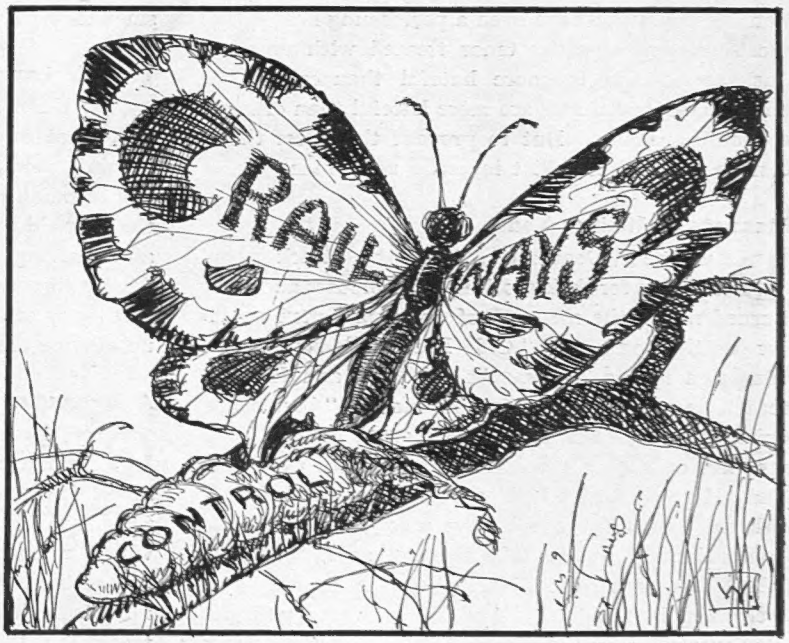
I know that the fashions of the day spread all over the land, and that women, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, know what's what, and will, somehow or other, attain it. But evidently there are many who despise the *mode*. London was full of them on Bank Holiday. Here and there in the opaquely clad throng of the Strand I saw a diaphanous London girl, and I must say that she was a welcome sight. Her stockings illuminate and decorate the streetscape. There is just one thing about them at which I rather wonder. Some people "hit" when they walk. The fashion of the day shows that a great many more women do so than I should have supposed. By "hitting" I mean kicking the left ankle with the right foot, and *vice versâ*, as they walk. This leaves ugly black marks on light stockings, especially in these days when tar has been so liberally used on the streets. "Hitters" should wear dark stockings.

The Prohibition of Performing Animals

Why are reformers often so very intemperate that they lose the sympathy of the great temperate majority, whose assistance would enable them to effect their desired reform easily and quickly? For once I am not thinking of the intemperate people who wrongly claim to advocate "temperance" in the matter of drink. I am thinking of some much more worthy people, whose aim is to protect dumb animals from cruelty. No one would wish to hinder them in their good work, but they insist upon hindering themselves. Because there are *some* cases of cruelty in the training of performing animals they demand that there shall be *no* performing animals. Such a law would obviously entail a great deal of injustice. And, therefore, a committee of the House of Commons is wasting *our* time in an enquiry into matters which should have been thoroughly sifted before the House of Commons was approached. If they only knew it, these prohibitionist, "thou shall not" people are responsible for the perpetuation of much of the evil they seek to abolish.

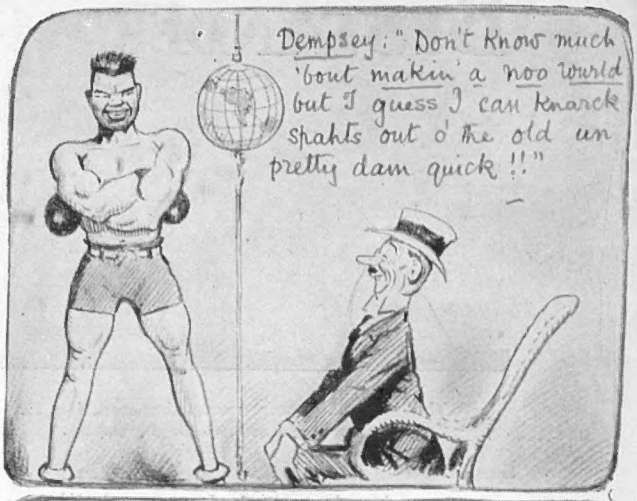
Delight in Doing Their Tricks

Personally, I do not care for "animal turns"; I am of Dr. Johnson's opinion about dogs that can walk on two legs. But there are many people who delight in them—why, then, should I, or anyone else, rob them of their innocent delight, provided that it *is* innocent? Anyone who has had experience



BURSTING THE SHACKLES By W. E. Wigfull

(Government control of railways ceases, August 15)



"MAKERS OF THE NEW WORLD":

We have done our best to satisfy the public curiosity by sending out a Representative (for whom we

of domestic pets knows the keen enjoyment they take in doing their tricks. Indeed, some of them, like amateur singers, conjurors, etc., of the *genus homo*, are sometimes rather a nuisance in that they insist upon performing whether you want them to or not. I would not have even a performing flea or the most insistent amateur tenor treated with cruelty. Just as nothing is more hateful than cruelty to children, so few things are more hateful than cruelty to dumb animals. But to prevent the latter there can be no need to inflict injustice upon men.

Manners of Modern Youth

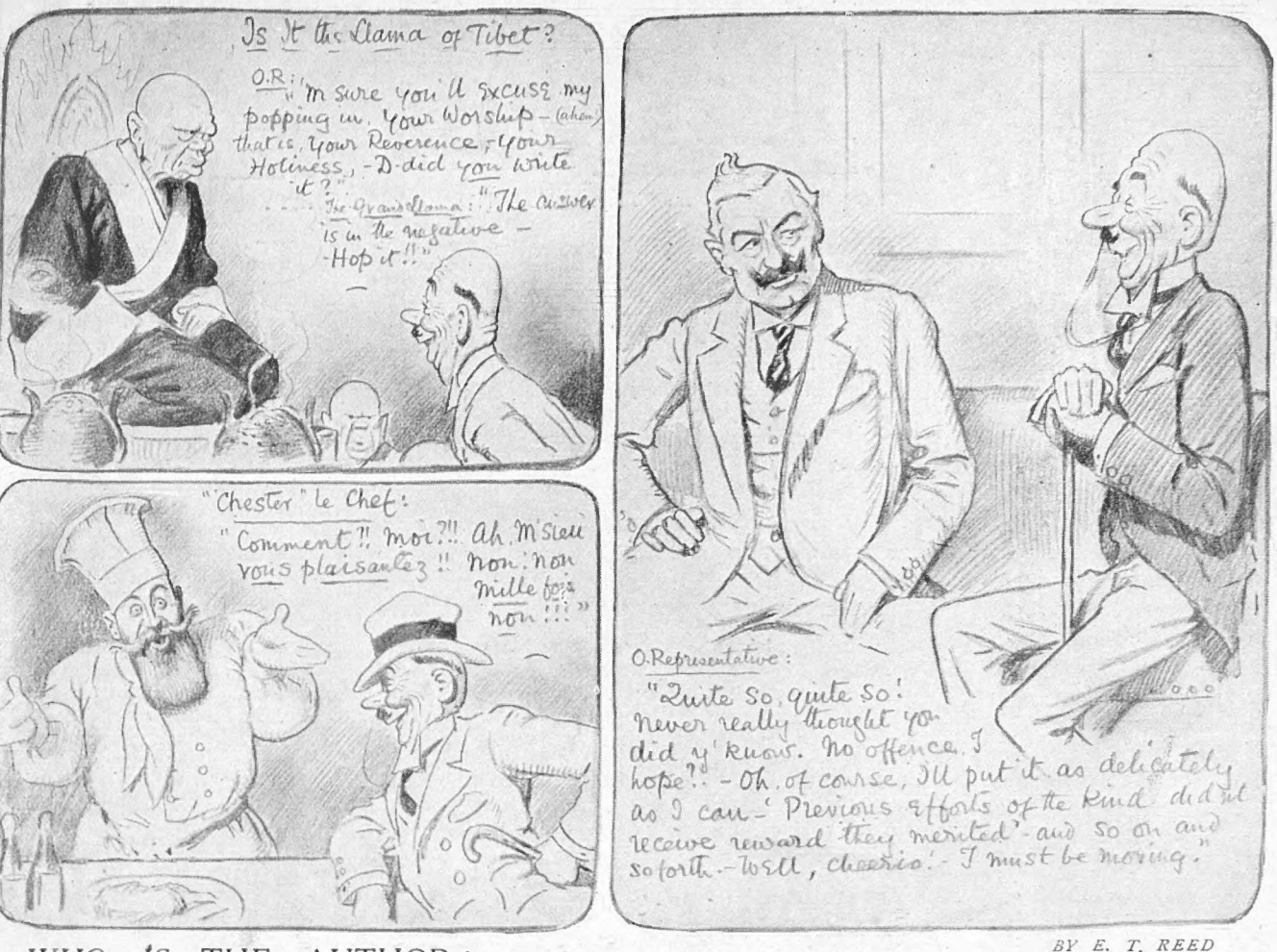
DEAR me! Dear me! After the attack upon our girls for their stockings and blouses and sunburned necks, the manners of our young men are in for castigation. An "Old Etonian" starts the campaign in the *Times*. At the Eton and Harrow match he saw a group of young men in "blue serge suits, summer shirts, and Zingari straw hats." And why not on such a tropical day as that of the Eton and Harrow match? I am all for "tradition." I loved to see the 1,200 boys who were "wearing compulsorily," as the Old Etonian says, "the kit which for generations has been honoured and welcomed in London." And they love to wear it. But even they, and the British schoolboy is the most conservative animal in the world, make innovations. Not always did the schoolboy wear his topper on his down-crushed ears, for example. Besides, his father provides him with his "honoured" kit; I know a good many young men, including Etonians and Harrovians, who have not yet felt like providing themselves with full ceremonial kit at peace prices since they have doffed their uniforms.

Terrible Lawn Tennis

AND these awful young men are "showing an increasing toleration and fondness for lawn tennis." How terrible! But I am afraid that our Old Etonian will have to go on being shocked. In the dear old pre-War days these young men, for years after leaving school, or Oxford or Cambridge, could devote themselves to the great game of cricket. But many of them to-day must very early in life give up a game that demands so much time.

A Strenuous Age

OLD ETONIAN forgets, bless him! that the "younger generation now, or lately, in residence at the Universities, and of ages from twenty to twenty-five," are living in a more strenuous age than that which he enjoyed in his youth. And, to my mind, one of the best signs of the times is that the young men, take them all round, seem to be recognising this fact. It is they who have to build up again what the War has destroyed, and to do it they must get early to their job. For years to come, methinks, there will



BY E. T. REED

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

had no use in the office) on a mission of enquiry. We reproduce the only results so far to hand.

be much less of the ceremonial kit, many fewer of the young men who can afford to play elegantly during the best years of their life, than was the case in the days before 1914.

After Seven Years

ALTHOUGH we are out of the War we are not yet out of the wood, and yet very little notice was taken last week of the seventh anniversary of Germany's challenge to us. It isn't that we have forgotten, but the Englishman's temperament in pursuit of his great purpose in life—the conservation of his nervous energy—is not to cry over spilt milk. There was certainly nothing in London to compare with the huge anti-war demonstration at the Lustgarten, Berlin, last week, when the slogan, "Nie wieder Krieg" rang round the statue of Frederick William III, who was beaten by Napoleon at Jena.

Poincaré's Point

WITH great appropriateness *The Graphic* began printing the first of two articles of Monsieur Poincaré's remarkable disclosures concerning the outbreak of war, the second article appearing exclusively in its pages next Friday. The Germans to-day are sorry that they did not support the ex-President's heroic efforts to avoid war—not, perhaps, because they repent, but because their savagery absolutely came to grief.

Toujours Ireland, Toujours

THE Englishman, true to type, finds it as difficult to understand the defiant attitude of Ulster as he does to fathom the ways of Sinn Fein. He is equally bewildered at the slashing indictment of one aspect of the Irish character, which Synge presented in *The Playboy of the Western World*, now being played with great spirit at the Royal Court Theatre. It has even been said that the Englishman has a passion for crying stinking fish against himself, but, surely, he is not to be compared with the Irishman in this respect. Nothing could better illustrate this than Synge's play, except, perhaps, the similar antics of Mr. Shaw in *John Bull's Other Island*.

A Bathing Note

BECAUSE August is the official month for bathing and similar seaside diversions we are, in all likelihood, to be visited by a succession of fierce snowstorms or typhoons, but, whatever may happen now, one thing is assured, however strangely the weather gods see fit to behave. Our Special Bathing Number, the preparation of which, it is rumoured, commenced soon after Christmas, will make its appearance next week. Bathing photographs, providing they present suitably beautiful subjects, are always attractive, and THE BYSTANDER has gone out of his way to secure sketches in colour and black and white of indubitable charm. An order to your bookman is suggested.

Photograph *Topical Press*

HIS MAJESTY AT COWES

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Brilliant Cowes

COWES has been an unqualified success, even the boisterous weather on some of the days came as a relief after the tireless sun. But never have there been such a small number of large yachts or such a large number of Americans.

Taxes and lessened incomes accounted for the first. A big steam yacht in these days lies within the purse of the very, very few. I remember the late Duke of Sutherland used to say that his yacht, the *Catania*, used to cost £1,000 a month when it was in commission. That was in long ago pre-War days, so the cost of a big yacht now must be doubled at least.

The six British-American races doubtless attracted a certain number of the Americans, but Cowes itself lured the majority. At all other social functions Royalty, if it is present, is afar off, hedged away from the crowd. But at Cowes the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal family come and go like ordinary folk without panoply or distinction. And this has an especial appeal, which we do not understand, to your downright Republican.

The absence of large yachts made no difference to the fun, and people seemed just as happy on the small craft as they used to be in the floating palaces.

Princess Mary went a-racing with the King in the *Britannia*, His Majesty and the Queen were frequent visitors to the Squadron grounds, which teatime found as gay and crowded as in the most halcyon days of long ago.

But how many old faces were missed, the late Lord Ormonde's, I think, most of all.

Republicans and Court Etiquette

SPEAKING of the Americans in our midst just now, it is rather a pity that their Embassy does not give subjects of the Stars and Stripes an indication as to the proper mode of addressing the British Sovereigns when the said Embassy gets cards for the said American subjects for a Court function. Printed instructions might be given with the cards.

At the Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace the Queen spoke to an American gentleman. Immediately he said, "I want to introduce my daughter!" And he did!.

"Very pleased to meet you, Queen," said the daughter, holding out her hand, "how are you?"

The Queen paused for an imperceptible moment, evidently expecting the usual curtsey. It was not forthcoming. "I am very well, thank you,"

Photograph] PRINCESS MARY *[Central News*

With the Marquis de Soveral and the Marquise d'Hautpoul on board the Royal Yacht, "Britannia" last week. The King and Queen entertained a great deal on board, giving dinner parties every night

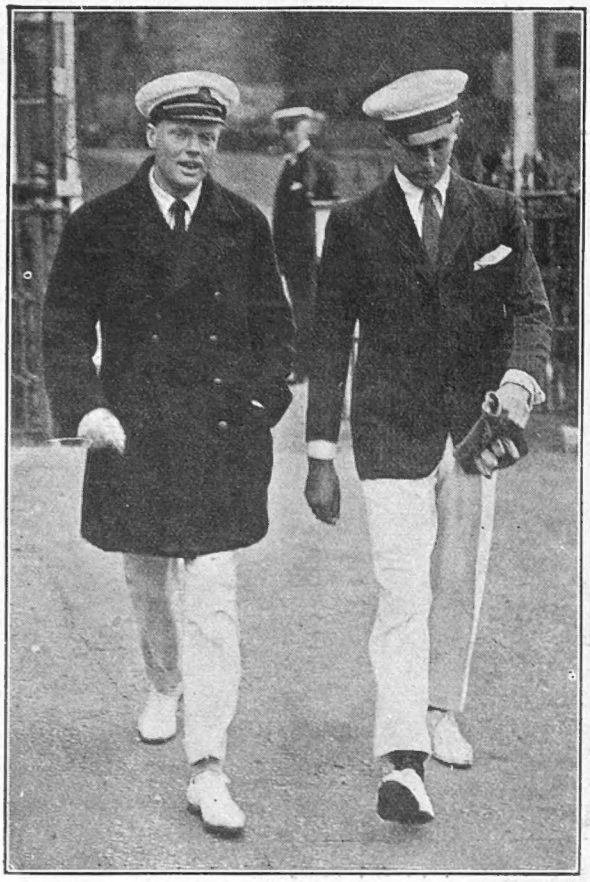
Photographs *L. N. A. and Central News*

HIS MAJESTY IN HIS ELEMENT

The King helping to hoist the mainsail prior to one of the handicap races in which he sailed aboard "Britannia." Behind His Majesty can be seen Sir Derek Keppel. Inset: Their Majesties alongside the "Victoria and Albert" before leaving for the Royal yacht

Photograph] **ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"** *[Central News*

The Duke of Connaught, Admiral Campbell, His Majesty, the Marquise de Soveral, and Princess Mary, sailing at Cowes. The prevailing heavy weather was entirely to the Royal yacht's liking, and she had a most successful week



Photograph *L. N. A.*

IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE

The Duke of Sutherland and Lieut. Coombe walking in the grounds of the Royal Yacht Squadron's headquarters

Photograph *Central News*

THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN

And Mrs. Percy Walker-Fern coming ashore after witnessing the racing

she answered, shaking the proffered hand, "but I feel the heat rather trying." Then Her Majesty made a few amiable remarks and passed on.

A famous American's daughter made even a worse *gaffe* with the Queen of Italy. When she went with her father and step-mother to the Quirinal after being presented to Queen Elena she said, indicating a young man of the ex-President's suite, "Queen, I want you to know this particular friend of mine. He's a real good sort, and a sport all through."

There was a glacial silence The Majesty of Italy turned to her lady-in-waiting, whilst a horrified Court official shoved the lady and the "sport all through" into a far away corner. There they remained exchanging opinions, doubtless on the odd ways of Kings and Queens, until the end of the audience. Then the Court official came to them, saying:

"If you will give me the gentleman's name and rank the Queen will be pleased to receive him." Outraged officialdom quivered in the next sentence—"You will both be good enough to remember that the Queen is addressed as Your Majesty!"

These lapses are certainly met with greater understanding and kindliness at the English Court—a fact for which I hope those who make them are proportionately grateful.

"Any Commoner or Nobleman"

LORD NORTHAMPTON'S engagement to Lady Emma Thynne inevitably recalls his fine attitude in a breach of promise case. As Lord Compton he promised his father on his death-bed that he would not marry a certain lady on the musical comedy stage. The lady brought the breach of promise action, notwithstanding a letter setting out the position. Lord Northampton's offer of £50,000 was considered as damages—a fair compensation, I suppose, for the loss of a Marchioness's coronet. But the case brought out the hardship of the law concerning breach of promise, and the general sympathy lay with the defendant.

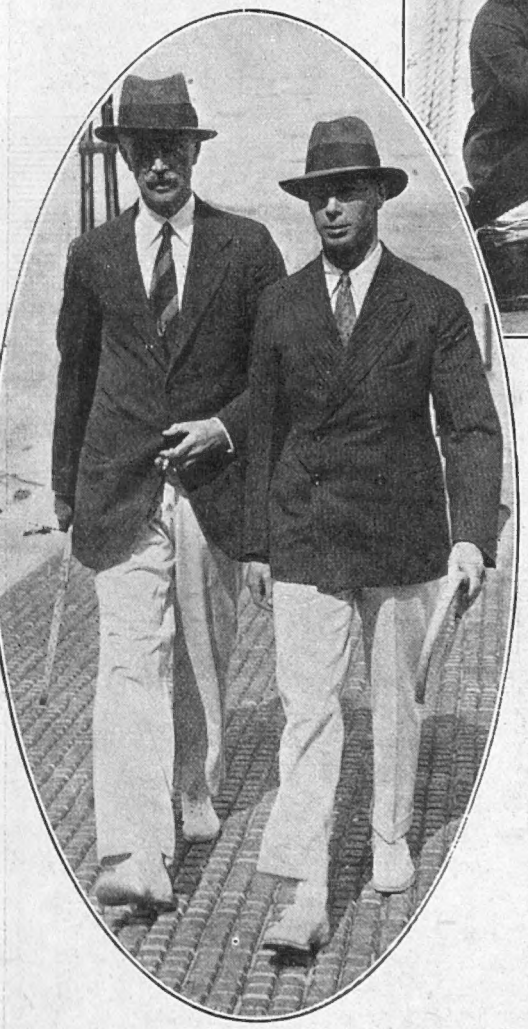
Touching on this matter of actresses

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL

The Duchess of Sutherland with the Hon. Sir John Ward and his nephew, the Hon. Roderick Ward, second son of the Earl of Dudley, at Cowes Regatta last week

and breach of promise cases reminds me of a witty and scathing letter written by the late W. S. Gilbert to a lady who had achieved much fame by her beauty, and whom he had brought out in his earlier plays. She wrote telling him of her engagement to a Mr. ——. Gilbert replied with appropriate good wishes. Shortly afterwards she wrote saying her engagement to Mr. —— was ended, and that she had the great happiness to tell him she was engaged to Lord ——. Again a letter of felicitations from her author.



Photograph *Central News*

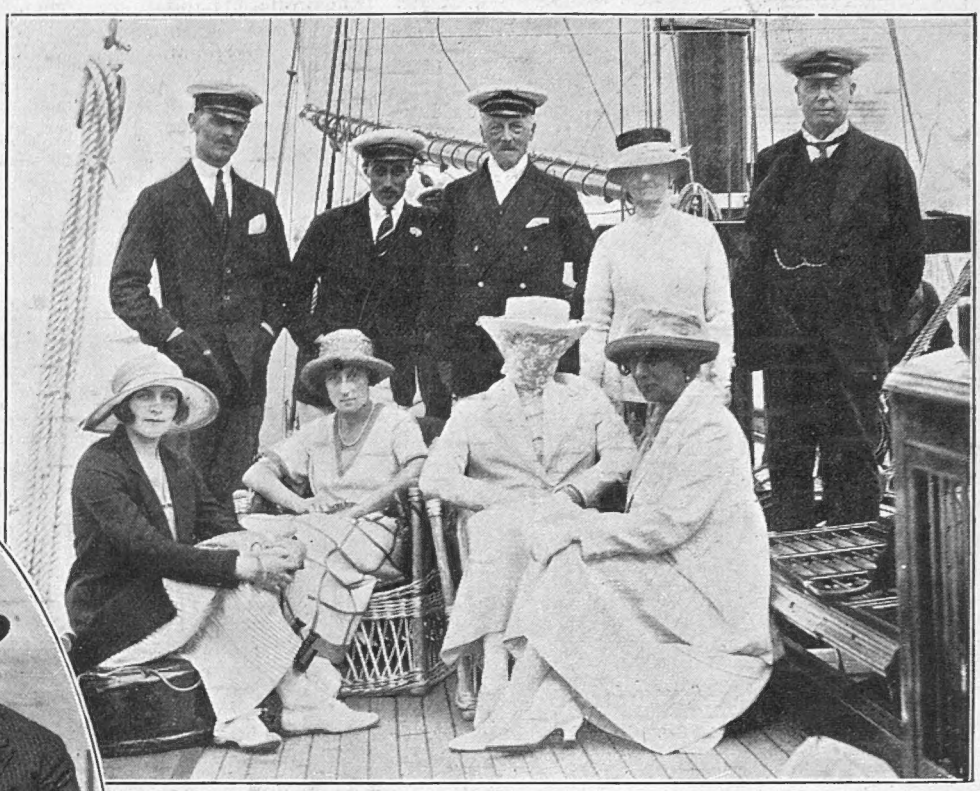
THE DUKE OF YORK

with the Hon. Harry Stonor coming on shore for a game of lawn tennis during an interval between the yacht racing.

But the engagement to Lord —— ended in the Law Courts, one of the very earliest breach of promise cases brought by the stage against the peerage. There was a terrific hubbub, and the theatre was crowded nightly to see the beauteous plaintiff. She got £10,000 damages.

Several months elapsed. One morning Gilbert received a letter from the compensated lady. She said she knew how glad he would be, because of his unceasing interest in her career, to know that after all the deception and distress she had suffered, etc., etc., she was to be happy at last. She was engaged to Mr. ——.

Gilbert replied: "Dear Miss ——. Please accept my best wishes for your happiness and my congratulations upon your engagement to ————*. Yours sincerely, W. S. GILBERT. * P.S.—Here insert the name of any commoner or nobleman to whom you may be engaged upon the receipt of this letter."



Photograph *Sport & General*

ON THE "VALDORA"

A group taken on board Sir William Portal's yacht. In the back row, from left to right: Mr. Colin Davidson, Mr. Victor Bradshaw, Sir William Portal, Lady Portal, and Mr. Drummond. In front can be seen: Miss Ashley, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Hickman-Morgan, and Mrs. W. Bradshaw

The Late Mr. Burdett-Coutts

HUMAN nature is very odd. It regards a man who marries an heiress or a rich woman as a lucky mortal, envies him, and yet always considers him, not exactly with contempt, but with that lack of respect which is conveyed by describing him

Photograph *Central News*

LAST WEEK AT COWES

The Countess of Fitzwilliam and her daughter, Lady Marjorie, on shore at Cowes during the Regatta

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

ENTERTAINING IN SCOTLAND

The Countess of Leven and Melville, who will entertain a great deal at her husband's Highland seat, Glenferness, Nairn, during the shooting season in Scotland. Her husband, the Earl of Leven and Melville, is a Captain in the Dragoons, and was wounded during the War

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERBIA

Whose engagement to Princess Sophie of Bourbon-Orleans, the second daughter of the Duchesse de Vendôme, was recently announced

as "Mrs. Somebody's husband." If you think it over you will agree that I am right. It is some reflex of atavism, perhaps, an unconscious lingering of the tradition that the wife was a chattel.

During the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's lifetime the late Mr. Burdett-Coutts, despite his heavy Parliamentary work and his shouldering of the Baroness's many philanthropic responsibilities, was always regarded as the Baroness's husband. In a measure the reason may have laid at his own door, for he never seemed to grow accustomed to the great riches with which he was surrounded.

Photograph *Marcus Adams*

A CHARMING STUDY

The Countess of Ancaster with her younger son, the Hon. John Willoughby. She has two sons and two daughters; before her marriage to Lord Ancaster she was the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York

Wooed In Vain

QUEEN VICTORIA never forgave the Baroness for her marriage. It certainly was rather startling—sixty-seven mating with thirty. Within three years of seventy a woman may be considered to have *coiffée St. Catharine*. But the Baroness decided otherwise, and decided wisely, for no couple ever were happier. Burdett-Coutts had many critics and not a few enemies, but the bitterest of both were always forced to admit and admire his unceasing devotion to his wife.

As Miss Burdett-Coutts the Baroness might have been Duchess of Wellington or Empress of the French. The Iron Duke wooed her, and Napoleon III, as Prince Louis Napoleon and an exile in London, tempted her in vain with a shadowy crown which later turned to reality and was worn by the Empress Eugénie.

A Ladies Battle

IT is an open secret that recent events in Greece have been financed

Photograph Bertram Park

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

BRIDES - TO - BE

MISS NANCY WINTERBOTTOM

Who is engaged to Mr. D'Arcy Rutherford, Scots Guards, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rutherford and nephew of Col. E. V. Rutherford, of Kipton Hall. His fiancée is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Winterbottom, of Aston Hall, Derby

MISS P. M. RICARDO

Elder daughter of Major Ricardo, late 8th Hussars, of St. Audreys, Burstow, whose marriage to Captain A. D. P. Campbell, 108th Hazara Pioneers, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. A. E. L. Campbell, of The Tower House, Burstow, will take place shortly

to a considerable extent by Princess Christopher, formerly the *richissime* Mrs. Leeds. Now, King Constantine's rival—and, according to the Greek Royal family, its arch-enemy—M. Venizelos, is marrying a wealthy Greek lady. Is the situation in Greece going to resolve itself into a ladies' battle with purses for weapons? If so, Princess Christopher has the bigger chance. She has practically the whole of the tin-plate trade in America behind her.

Yo! for the North, Yo Ho!

I do not think that London has been so empty during any August since 1914 as it is at the present moment, and by the end of this week it will be emptier still, for the Quality is setting out this week in full force for Scotland, where it has been preceded long ago by people who fled from a London which has had no season. I am told that the quality of the birds this year affords nothing to grouse about.

Photograph E. O. Hoppé

LADY EMMA THYNNE

Whose engagement to the Marquess of Northampton was recently announced. Lady Thynne is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath

Photograph Compton Collier

LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER

With her little daughter, Eloise. Lady Innes-Ker was the daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York City, and married the Duke of Roxburgh's elder brother in 1907. Lord Alastair's brother, Lord Robert Innes-Ker, married the actress, Miss José Collins, only last year

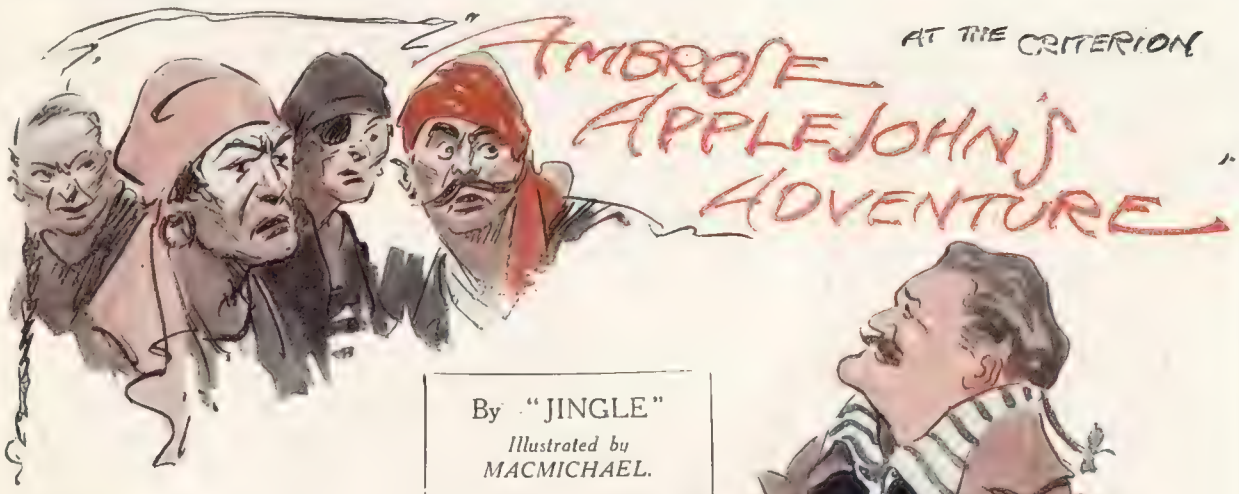
Who is That "Alien?"

Who is the alien who has taken deer forests in Scotland stretching from sea to sea, as stated in the minority report to a Royal Commission? In former times such vast possessions belonged only to the Dukes of Gordon and even that made people think. But that an alien should be in possession is rather alarming, even although we are now at peace with the world.

Charming Cousin Poppy

Photograph MISS MARION LORNE *Dorien Leigh*

Who is acting in the new Criterion production "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," a comedy written by her husband, the well-known dramatist, Mr. James K. Hackett



AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE

AT THE CRITERION

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

THE leading feature of this strange play is Mr. Charles Hawtrey's amazing energy. He begins as Ambrose Applejohn, a middle-aged bachelor, living in humdrum quietude at the family mansion on the Cornish coast. Aunt Agatha keeps house for him, and Cousin Poppy aids and abets the good work. Both ladies make it the concern of their lives to see that nothing is done to disturb Ambrose's terribly regular habits. It is, for instance, Ambrose's invariable rule to take a glass or two of port in solitude after dinner, and then to join the ladies in the library, where his usual chair is always set exactly in its usual place by the side of the usual table on which are set out his tobacco-jar and favourite pipe. On the evening on which the play opens something quite extraordinary occurs. The butler announces to the ladies with a queer look of apprehension that Mr. Ambrose took no port after dinner; and when Ambrose comes into the library he not only ignores his favourite chair, but actually refuses coffee as well. It is clear to Aunt Agatha and Cousin Poppy that this unusual attitude portends disaster of some kind, and they look at each other fearfully in anticipation of the worst.

PRESENTLY Ambrose explains. He is forty-something, and he has come to the conclusion that he is simply rusting away in that out-of-the-world seaside spot. There have lately been signs that people are beginning to regard him as an old man. Only yesterday, for instance, in the train, a young girl got up and offered him her seat, thus implying that in her view he was a doddering old chap in need of sympathetic consideration. And then, again, Ambrose flatters himself that he has always made an impression among the ladies. When formerly his eye met that of an attractive woman she modestly averted her gaze. (That, I believe, is the official phrase.) Now, however, the ladies just stare back at him as though satisfied that he is too old to be dangerous—though

MARION LORNE AND LESLIE FABER.

I have heard that men considerably more than forty-something have been known to stare at young ladies with guile in their hearts. Ambrose declines to admit that he is old. On the contrary, he claims to have just found his lost youth. He craves for romance. Love at first sight, and all that sort of thing. He wants to dash off to Greenland and climb the icy mountains for which that spot is famous, or to take a girl for a stroll along India's coral strands—not to be confused with our own pink Strand at home. He has, therefore, decided to sell the old house and go out into the world in search of adventure.

Aunt Agatha and Cousin Poppy retire for the night sad at heart, and Ambrose is left alone to think over his new idea. He wants to go away from the dull place in which nothing ever happens, and get a bit of real excitement. Then, as is usual in plays of this sort, things begin to happen, and bits of excitement come tumbling over each other in their efforts to get a front seat, as it were. First of all a lady is announced. Ambrose very rightly thinks that ten o'clock is rather late for a lady to call; but he assumes that she has come to buy the house, and she is admitted accordingly. Breathlessly she explains that she is Anna Valeska. She has escaped from the Bolsheviks in Russia. She has jewels of great price in the hand-valise she is carrying. A desperately wicked Bolshie is on her track. He is pursuing her relentlessly. If necessary, he will kill her in order to secure the jewels. (Wants to start a new Labour paper in London, no doubt.) Then there comes another ring at the bell. Mr. Ivan Borolsky is announced. Ha! 'tis he. This is adventure. Ambrose rises to the occasion magnificently. He promptly conducts the lady to the inner room without which no stage library is complete, and then receives his new visitor. Ivan Borolsky does not beat about the bush. The lady he is looking for is in that house, and he means to find her. Then Ambrose does a smart thing. He "throws a gun" at Borolsky (American for pointing a revolver), and Borolsky puts up his hands with the facility of one who would appear to have had much practice at a gesture of the sort.

It is only fair to say that Ambrose performs his feat of heroism in much trepidation, and that as soon as he has got rid of Borolsky he has to run and take a drop of something strengthening (out of a decanter). But Anna Valeska knows nothing of his very reasonable fears. She comes from her hiding-place eulogising the fine courage of her protector. Ambrose is delighted with himself. Romance has come his way at last. He asks the lady if she believes in love at first sight, and she protests that that is the only kind of love that is worth talking about. She gives a clear hint that Ambrose has fascinated her, and talks prettily of doing her husband in, so that she shall be free to follow the dictates of her heart. Then she puts her head on Ambrose's shoulder; but finding him dismally unresponsive to her daring overtures, she darts away with the scornful cry of "Joseph!" on her dainty lips. From which we infer that if the situation had developed on normal

HILDA MOORE

lines she would have been prepared to play the part of Potiphar's wife. As soon as she has gone, other people come in. They are a Mr. and Mrs. Pengard. Their excuse is that their car has broken down, and they crave shelter while their chauffeur is nailing it together again, or something of that sort. But they are really burglars in disguise who have come to reconnoitre.

AMBROSE does not find this out till afterwards. He is awakened from his sleep later on, and comes downstairs to find the garden door of the library open. Further, one of the panels of the wainscot has been tampered with, and on breaking the panel open completely as a matter of curiosity, he comes across a strange parchment, dealing with his ancestor, who, it appears, was a sanguinary pirate on the high seas. Ambrose sits down to watch for a possible return of the burglars, and falls asleep. The writing on the parchment, coupled with a rather full evening of unusual adventures, provokes a dream of the most romantic kind. He becomes the pirate ancestor with the Stevensonian chanty, "Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum!" Borolsky has become a mutinous first mate, and Anna Valeska is a maiden in distress claimed by the pirate as spoils of war, or thereabouts.

MR. HAWTREY'S activity in this scene is quite remarkable. He swaggers about with the lordly air of a pirate king, quells mutinies, and cows his unruly mate with a threat of the knife. Then he cuts cards with the mate in the true spirit of sportsmanship, to decide who is to have the girl; and although he wins in a rather unsporting way, it is probably strictly according to piratical ethics. He explains to us genially that he does not really care for crime; but he has an uncontrollable longing to become a respectable person, and piracy is the only method by which he can raise the means to satisfy his praiseworthy ambition.

THIS strange dream occupies the whole of the second act; and if it does not carry the story forward very rapidly, it is at least an entertaining interlude. Miss Hilda Moore, who doubles the parts of Anna Valeska and the pirate's fair prisoner, impresses both parts successfully with her compelling individuality. This lady is a distinct asset to the piece. Mr. Hawtrey himself is as delightful as ever, and the fine, dashing way in which he kicks his mutinous crew about the deck of the ship is alone worth the price of admission. Mr. Leslie Faber as Ivan Borolsky and the mutinous mate, acts both parts with his usual distinction; while Miss Marion Lorne makes the character of Cousin Poppy pleasingly tender and sweet, with a quaint touch of humour thrown in. The third act solves the mystery of the parchment in a nice, playful way, and Ambrose learns, as usual, that romance was nearer to him than he had ever imagined. *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* is an entertainment that will, of course, draw the Town.

JINGLE.

TRUTHS & TRIFLES

By Victor Hicks

A HYMN

(Written in perspiration and Swinburnian stanzas.)

If you were a luscious melon,
And I a lump of ice,
We'd nestle close together
In sultry summer weather,
And mouths of Judge and felon
Would water for a slice ;
If you were a luscious melon,
And I a lump of ice.

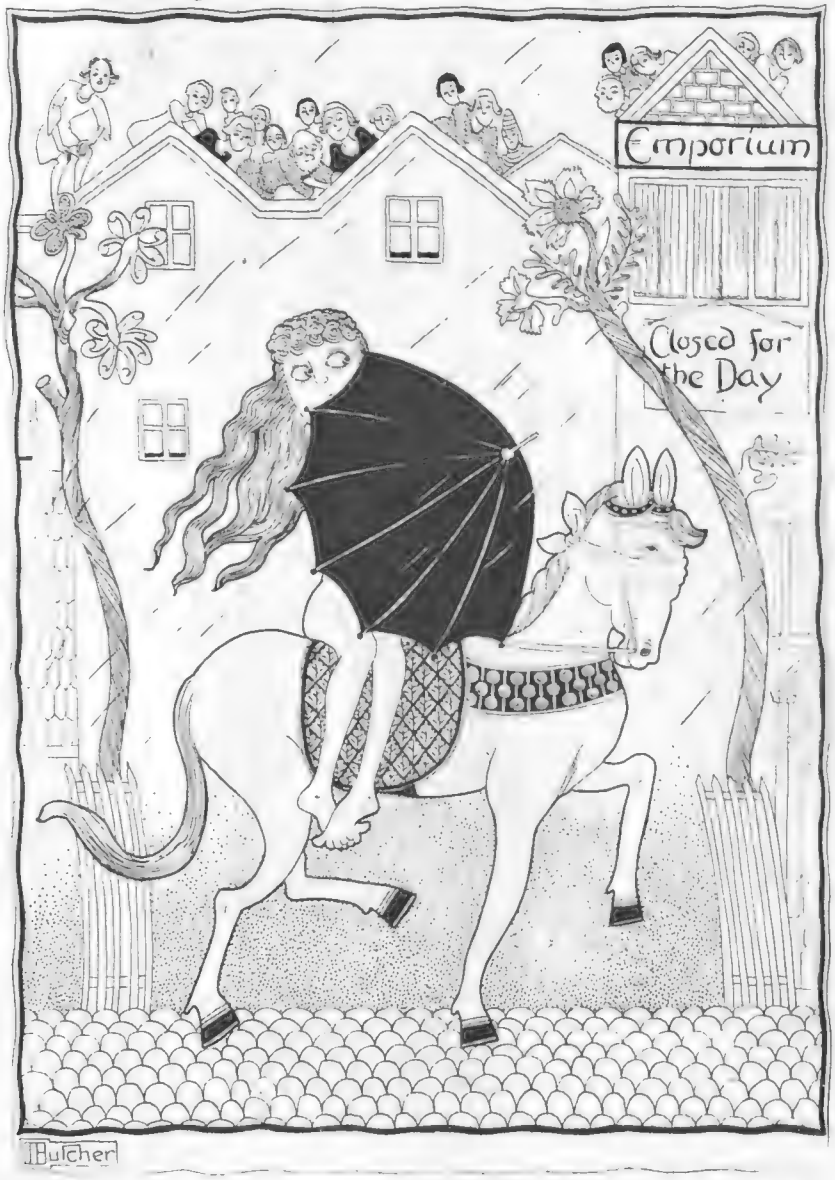
If I were a cooling breeze, dear,
And you a fevered brow,
You would not (as at present)
Deem my caress unpleasant,
But on your bended knees, dear,
Cry : " Kiss me, QUICK ! " . . .
(Bow-wow !) . . .
If I were a cooling breeze, dear,
And you were a fevered brow.

If I were a Rockefeller,
And you had not a sou,
I'd purchase part of Iceland
(In summertime a nice land—
As cool as any cellar !),
And give it, dear, to you ;
If I were Rockefeller,
And you had not a sou.

If you were a long, long drink, dear,
And I a raging thirst,
Without investigation
As to your destination,
Between ourselves I think, dear,
I'd billet you . . . or burst !
If you were a long, long drink, dear,
And I a raging thirst.

If you were cuffed and collared
(Like men-things) *à la mode*,
You, too, a parboiled lobster,
Would feel a sudden throb stir
Your breast, if Fashion hollered :
" Mankind must now wear
WOAD ! . . .
If you were cuffed and collared
(Like men-things) *à la mode*.

E. L. Roberts



WELCOME SHOWERS AT COVENTRY

By M. Butcher

A MODERN TRAGEDY

The poor twisted form lay in the gutter, evidently the victim of some drunken brawl. It was a main street, situated in that part of New York where tragedies are all too common, a place seething with business men during the day-time, but frequented only by ne'er-do-wells and refugees from justice at night.

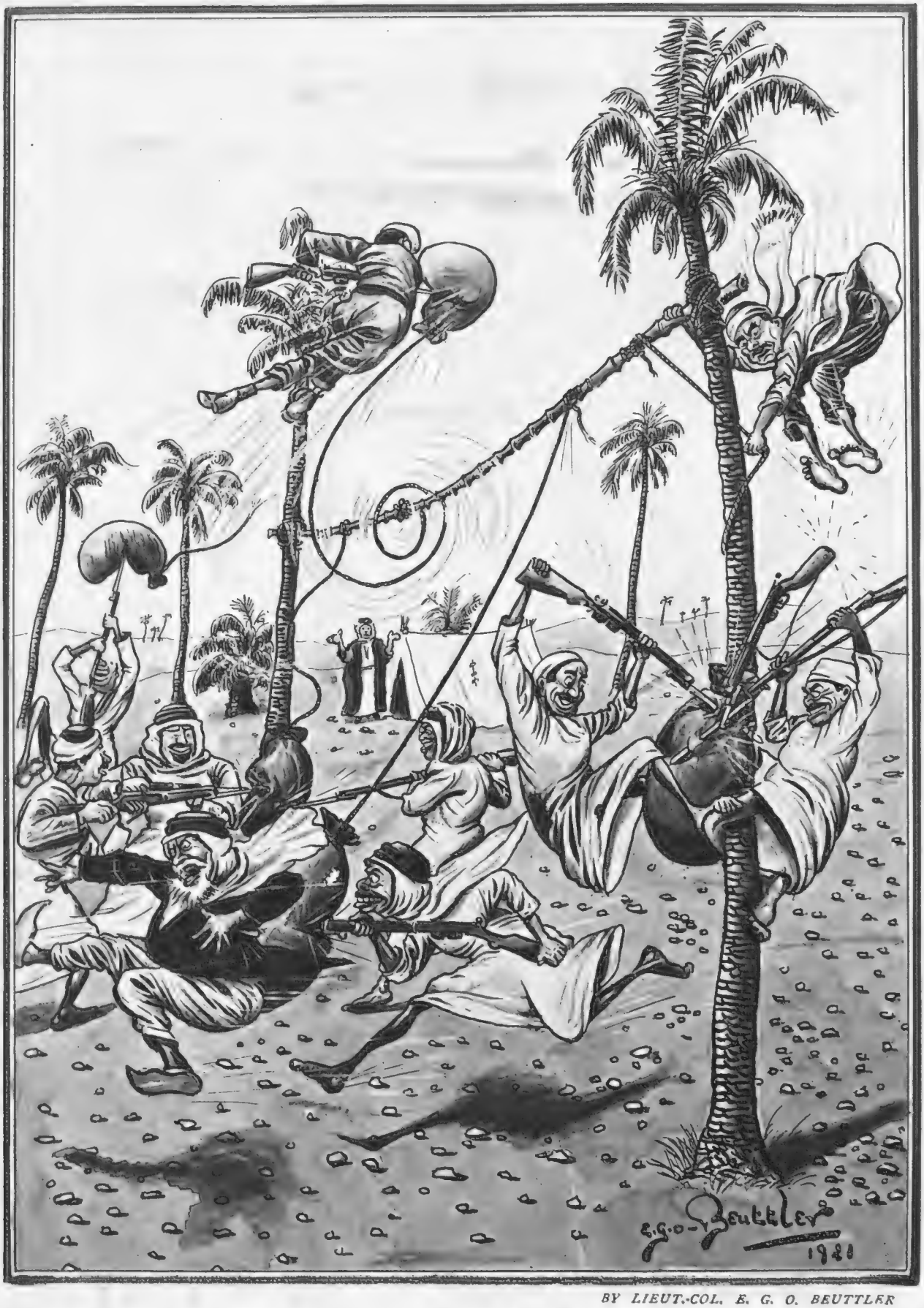
Many prosperous-looking merchants passed by, but not one that did not raise his hat in reverence as he beheld the lifeless figure of the outcast, whilst tears filled the eyes of many a mother as she beheld the tragic end which had befallen one who obviously had led a crooked life.

Before long, however, a policeman passing that way espied the poor abandoned one, and crossed over to the gutter.

Picking up the corkscrew he placed it in his pocket and continued his beat. Cecil Norriss

Mespot Messes

[The Arabs and Bedouins are, we understand, getting to work with the war equipment we have left behind]



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. 1.—BAYONET EXERCISE

"I'll Throw You In!"

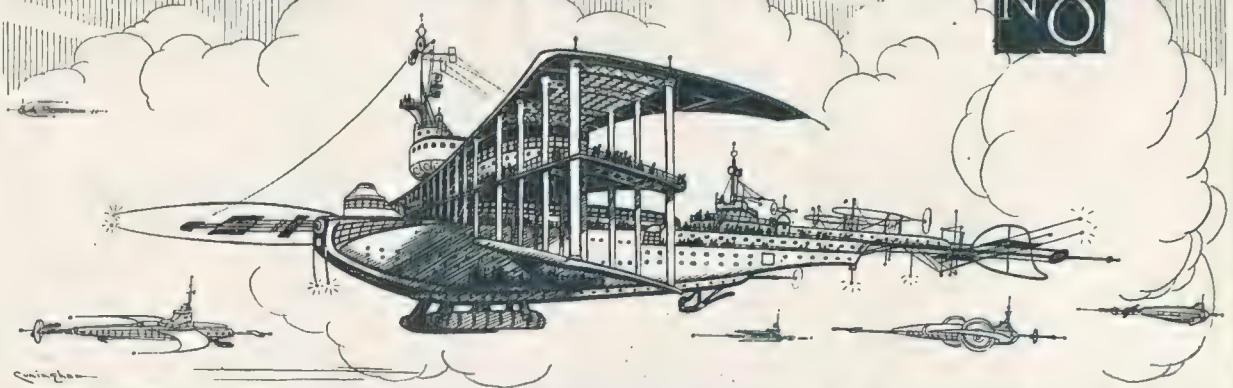
Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

SUNSHINE AT SEAVIEW

A charming snapshot of this lovely spot in the Isle of Wight

TALES of the PEACETIME R.A.F.

No. 8



THE DREAM BEAUTIFUL

By JAMES HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

WHERE the Great Rivers converge below Mbimbo Falls, lies one of the most complete aerodromes in the world. Airships and planes of every description can here be catered for, fuelled, gassed, repaired, sheltered, what time their passengers and crews refresh themselves or change to other routes. For this is Medas, Main Traffic Distributing Station for Central and Southern Africa, and it is greater than either Pretoria or Cape Town, the other traffic centres on the route.

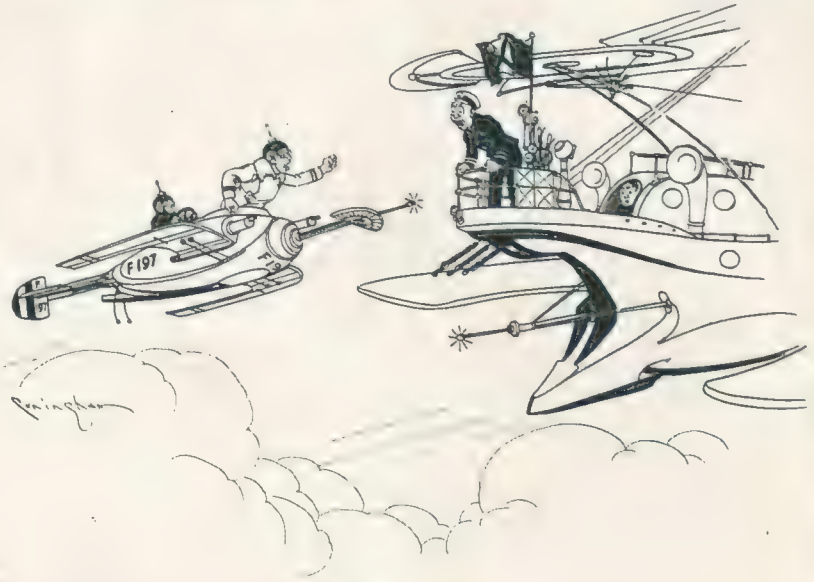
Here, as the first gleam of daylight steals over primeval forest, and seems to pause in surprise on mooring masts, hangars, alcohol plant, hydrogen works, and the little township of houses, fort, and camp, comes the Great Royal Mail, non-stop all the way from London town in three days, drops foremost trail and handling guys, and is hauled by sweating native gangs to her moorings. Here, too, she discharges mails, passengers, and priority cargo, while the ground gang top her up with gas, fuel her, and refit a wire or two. Then into the air once more, and on, on, to her next port of call.

So, too, the north-bound pauses for a short hour at sundown before setting off on her long journey to English skies. And all day and all night the traffic goes on—cargo-carrying-rigid and four-engined plane, amphibian, and the little utility buses that do the local service. They come, they go—flashing forth, tails up, with the English mail, staggering in heavy loaded with cargo from the auxiliary terminals, always with one eye on the time-table and one on a possible landing place.

An over-driven traffic officer and his assistants hold rule and order. Machines must come forth on slipway or 'drome to the second, receive their quota of mails and passengers at the exactly appointed place and time, sign their way-bills, and depart without fuss or delay. In-comers must land and taxi to Reception, unload, receive their clearance and pass into the hands of the Maintenance Staff. Passengers and their baggage must go by appointed ways to the Rest-House, or to the starting point of their new route.

At night, the giant light-house flashes forth its beam over the pitchy sky. The Rest-House and the Staff Quarters, the friendly camps of the R.A.F. Flight, and the company of C.A. Rifles, and lastly the native village light up bravely. The orchestra in the Rest-House tunes up.

Over gin-and-bitters the Man-Who-Is-Going-Home gives tips to the new-arrival. The drummer from U.S.A., a couple of Commissioners on their way to their districts, mercantile pilots of all descriptions, and sometimes a tourist or two lounge about and prepare to dine. It is cosmopolitan, friendly, essentially civilised. Even the heat is mitigated by a cooling-plant that fills every room with glorious, refreshing air straight from



"Not readily will a hardbitten airship captain take advice"

TALES OF THE PEACE-TIME R.A.F. (*concluded*)

the refrigerators. And so, in due course, to bed and sleep unless the noise of some belated mercantile rigid or hurrying plane disturbs the light sleeper. For whilst you sleep, there are many whose toil has just begun. The night traffic officer, the mail-sorters, the relief staff on the alcohol plant, the emergency repair party, yawn themselves awake and go about their pre-ordained tasks. The native landing party is checked over as it lies asleep on the bare ground and a head man here and there is shaken awake to be questioned as to the presence or absence of some member of his "crew."

Over in the R.A.F. camp the Flight Commander, who is practically "on his own" with Squadron Headquarters at Pretoria, has a last word with the Duty Officer, and calls up "Traffic" for any news. For the R.A.F.'s job is the Safety of the Air. A breakdown, a forced landing, a rigid drifting as she repairs an engine, and out shoots a machine to locate, help, signal directions, and, above all, guard against interference by bushmen and other ill-disposed people. Night and day they must be ready, for on them, by the Grace of God, the security of Traffic depends. It is no light job, either. One must be able to get a heavy two-seater off a postage stamp and land sweetly on the side of a precipice. Day and night must be as one. And always one must decide for one's self, and decide right. For many and many a grave in Africa tells the tale of pilots who gave their lives that the work might go forward. And tact, too, is necessary. The cheerful, hard-swearing rivalry of the Navy and Merchant Service of yore has transferred itself unasked to the Royal and the Mercantile Air Services of to-day.

Not readily will a hard-bitten airship captain take advice from a youth nonchalantly piloting one of those white, target-marked, two-seaters that every merchant airman on the African Line learns to know so well. If you wish him to be a sensible cove your observer must tap fair words from Aldis or wireless, and not indulge in vain humour. Otherwise, one day, you may get more than you bargain for in return. Moreover, a Service which deals ever and ever with more trade-routes and wider distances does not approve of levity. It is too expensive.

So the R.A.F. graduates on empire police duty on the more civilised routes, Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar, Canada, and the West Indies, and, later, as a mark of most exceeding esteem and regard, goes to the all-important routes, the Great Eastern, to India and Australia, and the African, which is hardest, from the point of view of "management," of all. And on the "Central and South" line, Mbimbo is the most important point of all, for there, fanlike, spread the "central" sub-lines that feed and are fed by the direct English service. Further south one is among full civilisation and communication. It isn't half so interesting. Not to everyone is it given to see the gradual awakening to light of the Dark Continent.

"Medas, air centre of Africa"

. . . . . .

It was Cruddas who woke me up, holding in his hand the partly completed sheet.

"Do you believe in it?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, fervently.

"How soon?"

"Sooner than you think."

"Will it pay?"

This time I countered.

"How much does it cost by present method?" I asked, "to transfer any old thing from a rural part of Central Africa to coast or railway? Allow in your answer for porterage, guardage, waterage, wastage, theft, time, and trouble."

Cruddas knitted his brows. "But couldn't they build railways?"

I was relentless.

"How much would it cost to build and run enough railways to link the fourteen most important points to civilisation? Allow this time, for time, labour, fuel, and locomotives with Constantinesco drive."

That was a good one, I knew, and I smiled.

Cruddas was silent for a moment. Then he grinned.

"I'm glad you're in the R.A.F.," he said. "You'd have been a public danger if you'd had to sell things."

JAMES HENRY

"The Change"

BUSINESS

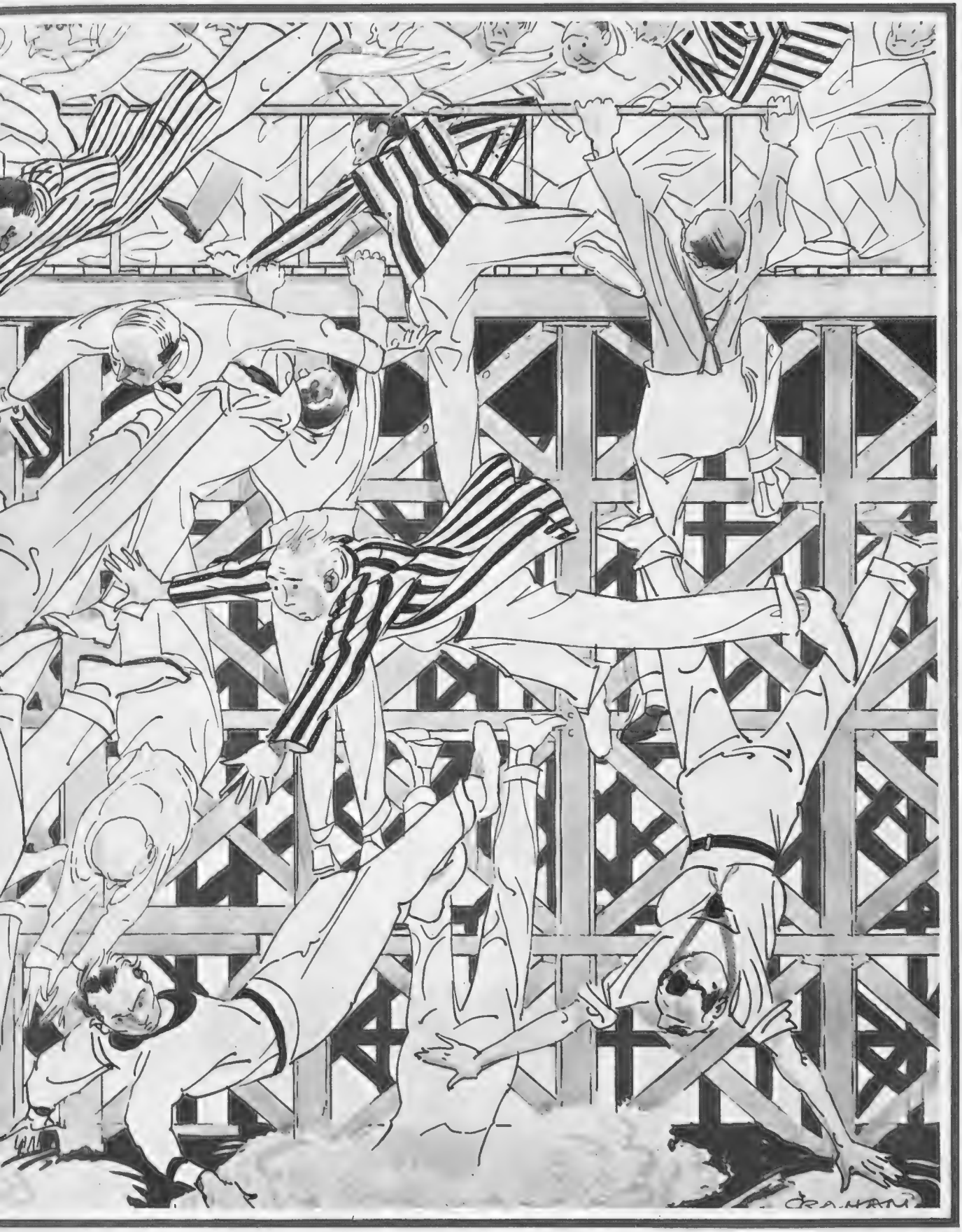
BY ALFRED LEETE

PLEASURE

"Love Will F

THE MILLIONAIRE'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHT

Find a Way"



ER FALLS OFF THE END OF THE PIER

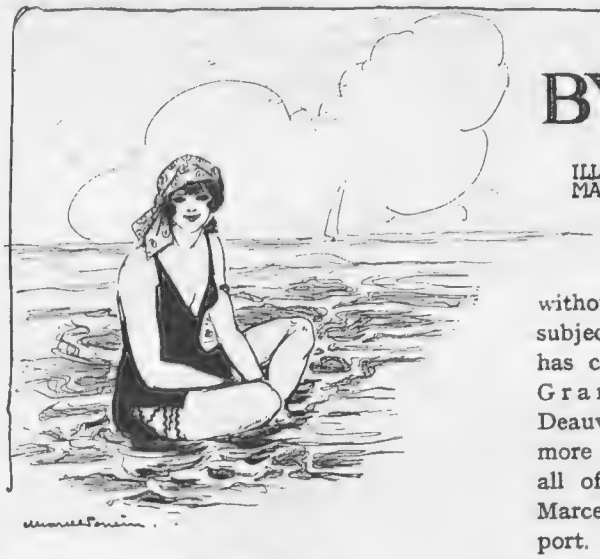
BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Visit of the Danish Royal Family to Greenland

WELCOMED BY THE VILLAGERS
King Christian, Queen Alexandrine, the Crown Prince Frederick and Prince Knud, during their recent visit to Godthaab, a Danish colony in Greenland

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE ROYAL FAMILY GOING TO CHURCH
The King and Queen of Denmark spent several days at Godthaab in Greenland, and are here seen going to church; (inset) a group of sailors and Greenland women watching the Royal procession.



"Bathing at Deauville"

THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"LA PLAGE FURIE"

MES AMIS—

ONE is aware that it has been ever the way to write of Deauville in the *façon adulateure*. For me, *rien de semblable*. I cannot in the least persuade myself that the bad things, just because they are done at Deauville, become the good. To hear some of the peculiar people one has just met here, they become not only the good, but the so-excellent that they ought to be taken as the copy for everywhere else. These people bemoan that there is only one Deauville. They would have the *plage fleurie* to be imitated at all of the other resorts. But for me, who have the belief that the *mot juste* would be the *plage furie*, I feel the thankfulness that it has remained unique. The world is better for the limitation of the *plage* spots, whatsoever form the disease may take.

AND Deauville does engender the disease of the most wild extravagance, not alone the extravagance of the torrential outpouring of the bank notes, but the extravagance of the manners and the morals. And of the scandals the world is much better without, even as the subjects for gossip. One has calculated that the Grande Semaine of Deauville does make more Bolshevistes than all of the speeches of Marcel Cachin or Rappoport. It is *inutile* to try to persuade the workers that the rich people are really quite poor, and scarcely able to keep their heads above the water, when they know what passes in the three acres and a half of organised extravagance that is Deauville. Instead of all the rainbow shades painted in the *papiers* of the Special Correspondents they see just one colour —Red. And the leaders of the Communists are able to make the easy converts by recital of additional passion-rousing details.

"It is difficult to tell where the frock begins and leaves off"

THE whole of the impulse of Deauville is to push everything to the extremes. If the class of really wealthy, and pretendedly wealthy, people who consider it is "the thing" to go to this hectic village of Normandy would be content to have a boundary-line just a little beyond the customs of the other holiday-season playgrounds, there would not be such criticism as prevails among the restrained element of society. But the Deauvillers are not content to outpace the limits of the other resorts. They have always the desire to outstrip the "records" which have been made by themselves. There is thus no limit to their wildness. The whole cry is for the *sensationnel*. There is an abandon of the restraint that modesty has elsewhere always succeeded to establish. To advertise self is the main occupation, no matter whether one has justification for advertisement or not. In fact, the less justification there is, the greater is the effort of the *concurrent* to secure the notoriety.

ESPECIALLY among the ladies who have not ever had, or do no longer possess, the beauty or the attractiveness to make them noticeable. As their qualifications are reduced to the inanimate material of dress they have endeavoured to make it as appealing as is possible. Quite early in the season, long before had collected the throng that is at present here,

THE BYSTANDER AT DEAUVILLE (*concluded*)

what had seemed the height of daring had been reached by the wearing of frocks of flesh-colour. But the height of daring seems to be established merely to be exceeded. What has appeared flesh-colour at the first has become almost Glasgow grey in comparison with the later experiments in this direction. It has been necessary to look not once or twice, but many times, to see where has the frock begun and where has it left off, so slight has been the variation in the colour of the deep-bared throats and the subsequent somewhat scanty gown. And the similar complications have been created with the silk stockings. Flesh-tinted and so spidery webby that they have accommodated themselves to the tiniest variation of contour, it has been a matter for perpetual speculation whether they have been existent or non-existent. Over the tea-tables at the Potinière—where, perhaps, more scandal is talked than in any similar pocket-handkerchief-sized area in the whole of the world—there has been much money lost in bets on whether the *jambes croisées* at the next table have been encased in silk of the new *teint vif*, or have been *au naturel*. For the stockingless fashion has revived with vigour at Deauville in despite of the several deaths it had sustained at Paris. Even in the Casino has it been quite common to go without the stockings—to the embarrassing distraction of the little army of private detectives. These detectives are intended to see that the ladies who are so completely concentrated on the gaming do not have their jewels stolen, and have normally the most fierce glare for the stranger who has wished to look on for a time before to venture a *louis*. But the dazzle of a triple rope of pearls is not a sufficient counter-attraction to the absence of the stockings. The sudden change of countenance of the detective—from reflective contentment to savage scowl—as, recalling his duty, he has lifted up his eyes and has scanned the onlookers for the suspicious activities, has been one of the delights of the more cynical spectators.

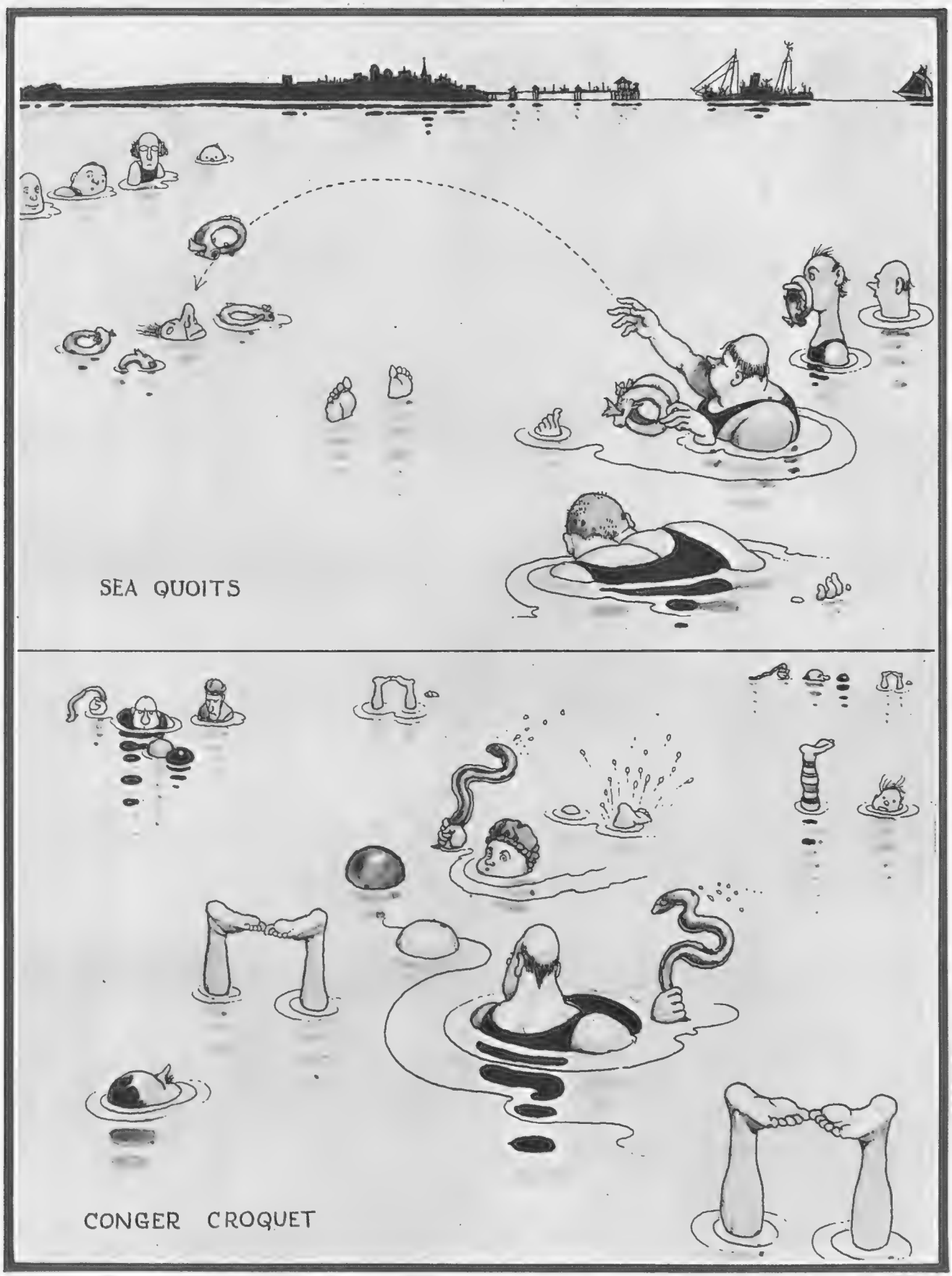
"Lynx-eyed private detective"

"Return of the stockingless fashions"

But while the stockingless *mode* has been a characteristic of the Casino, one *baigneuse* has startled the rest of the people beside the waves by the inclusion of a pair of stockings in her bathing costume. It has been explained that she is an American and had really the intention to bathe. Of course, the popular way to "bathe" at Deauville consists mostly to bask in the sunshine in a costume *collant* that is mostly remarkable by its upper and lower abbreviations. Not any wonder is it, therefore, that a bather in a skirted costume, with stockings, has aroused the sensation. It has taken the fashionables quite a while to recover from the effects of the *innovation*.

ROLAND

"Heathletics"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MORE WATER SPORTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A Charming Snapshot from the Emerald Isle

Photograph] **LADY SUSAN DAWNAY** *[Poole, Waterford*

And her four sons, David, Peter, Ronald, and Michael, at Whitfield Court, Waterford. Lady Dawnay is the widow of Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, D.S.O., late 2nd Life Guards, who was killed in action in 1914, and daughter of the fifth Marquis of Waterford. Her husband was the second son of Viscount Downe

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

NO STYMIES

BY ARTHUR MILLS

Some men get the reputation at golf of being hard to beat. Jacob Krein was one of these. He was a short, stout, little chap with protuberant lips, curly hair, and a habit of turning his w's into v's in conversation. He was reputed to be rich.

He was known as a man who liked having a "bit" on the game. He had a handicap of 10, and did not look as though he could play much. A good many tried their luck against him. After a money match with Krein, his opponents invariably came back to the club-house with the same tale. "He can't play for nuts; but he mesmerised me into playing worse. It was the putting that did me. You never saw such putts as I missed. He insists on everything being holed out and won't play stymies—says stymies spoil the short player's chances on the greens."

They called him "No stymie Krein" at Apple-Combe.

. . . . . .

The Knebworths were the sweetest thing in young married couples. They were quite devoted. Like Krein they were visitors at Apple-Combe. Unlike Krein they were poor, and every moment of their holiday was a financial consideration to them. 'Peter Knebworth's handicap was scratch.

One morning Peter announced to his wife:

"I'm going to play Krein for £25 this afternoon."

"My dear, you can't possibly afford it."

He slipped his arm round her waist. "Little one, listen. I can't afford *not to*. We need the money to stay on here another ten days. I hate playing money matches, but when he asked me in the club-house, I jumped at it."

"Twenty-five pounds is a lot to lose," said Moyra, shaking her head doubtfully.

"I shan't lose. Old Krein thinks he's a wonderful putter, but maybe he'll find I am not so bad on the greens."

"I heard he won £50 last week."

"You hear a lot of things, don't you, darling? But I'll tell you what you can do to-morrow. You can come round with us and help old Krein count his strokes in the bunkers. I don't trust him too far."

"Nor do I," said Moyra.

. . . . . .

At three o'clock the next afternoon the two opponents stood on the first tee. News of the match had got abroad, and several people had collected to watch them start.

"I hope they won't come round," said Jacob Krein to Peter, looking at the crowd; "they make me nervous on the greens and the putting—it is so important."

"Do you mind my wife walking round with us?" said Peter.

Krein looked at the slender figure of Mrs. Knebworth. He did not in the least wish to have her walking round, but could not very well say so. He raised his hat. Moyra gave him her sweetest smile.

"I hope you aren't going to beat my poor husband."

Jacob Krein smiled as engagingly as he could.

Peter had the honour, and drove a long, crisp shot straight down the fairway. Krein watched the flight of the ball and nodded.

"If you play all your shots as well as that," he said, "you will win your money."

"Let us hope I do then," answered Peter, laughing.

Jacob Krein's game was of the short but sure order. He seldom hit the ball more than 140 yards, but kept pretty straight and reached the long holes in three and the short holes in two with comfortable regularity. On the greens he putted with remarkable accuracy.

Peter, being a big hitter, reached most of the long holes in two shots. At the shorter holes he took a mashie where Mr. Krein took "wood." However, try as he would, he could not establish a lead, and they arrived on the 15th tee all square. Krein had two strokes to come at the 15th and 17th holes. The 15th hole measured 300 yards, and, with his stroke, was a gift for Krein.

Peter went out for a three from the tee. He hit a long, raking shot twenty yards short of the green. Krein pushed the ball down the fairway with his driver, and pushed it on to the green with a brassie with his second. Peter, after a careful study of the green, laid a beautifully judged mashie chip six feet from the pin. Krein putted, laying his ball a few inches from the hole, but just in the line of Peter's putt.

"That is in your way," he said.

"Right-oh, I'll give you that," said Peter.

"No, no, I vill putt it. I vill mark the place." Krein bent down to pick up his ball.

"You needn't putt that; it is only a few inches from the hole—it is ridiculous."

"This match is for money; it is better to putt everything," said Krein. He took a piece of dried grass between his finger and thumb and placed it at the point where his ball was, carefully pressing it down.

Peter now studied the line of his putt. He knew that 50 per cent. of his chances of winning the match depended on his getting that putt in. Moyra stood on the edge of the green. He looked over to her; she smiled encouragingly. He concentrated all his will power as he addressed the ball. The line, he knew, was exactly over the piece of grass Krein had put down to mark his place.

Carefully placing his feet, he settled his grip on his putter, took a last look at the line, and struck. He kept his head down for just those extra fractions of a second that is the secret of good putting, and the instant he had played the shot knew he had hit the ball true.

"Bad luck!"

Peter looked up and saw that his ball was to the left of the hole. Jacob Krein was carefully replacing his own ball on the spot from which he had moved it.

"Good Lord, I thought that was in," he said.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

NO STYMIES" (concluded)

"It was something turned it, I think," said Krein.

"It must have been," said Peter, looking perplexedly at the ground.

The 16th hole gave every advantage to the long hitter. Peter took his advantage, placing two fine full shots on the green. The distance was too great for Krein, and in his efforts to reach the green with his second he landed in a bunker.

"All square here," whispered Peter to his wife, as he saw his opponent's ball lying in a sandy hoof-mark.

"I cannot think what happened on the last green," said Moyra. "Your ball jumped in the most extraordinary way."

"Did it—must have been something there I didn't notice. I hit it true enough."

Peter won the 16th.

At the 17th hole Krein received his last stroke. Peter knew it was the critical hole of the match. The last hole was an easy four, and whoever led on the 18th tee was almost certain to win.

"If I can only lay another approach dead and hole the putt," Peter thought as he took his mashie out of his bag.

He played one of the best shots of his life, the ball fell like a poached egg four feet from the hole.

"That's got him," thought Peter, as Jacob Krein, visibly disconcerted, settled himself to play the odd.

However, it hadn't "got" him. Krein half topped his shot and the ball rolled and bumped its way on to the green, ending up almost the same distance from the hole as Peter's.

"Vell! whoever holes de putt," said Krein, rubbing his hands in evident glee, and looking at the two balls. "Vait! perhaps it is not your turn to play." He held out his hand as Peter addressed his putt.

"I vill measure." He drew out a bandana handkerchief, got down on his hands and knees, and measured first his own putt and then Peter's carefully.

"It is me to putt first," said Krein.

Peter could have sworn Krein had shortened his handkerchief when he was measuring the putts. However, he was content to let Krein putt first, being confident of being able to hole his own.

Krein took up his stance. Peter noticed that there were little drops of perspiration on his forehead, and that his hands shook slightly. The strain of the match was evidently telling on him.

Krein putted, raised his head too soon, pushed the ball, and missed.

"Damn! I vould hav' von de match if I had holed that," he said.

"You seem pretty certain I am going to miss mine," said Peter, smiling.

"Perhaps, you vill—you hav' that for the hole," said Jacob Krein.

Peter addressed the ball as confidently as he had ever addressed a putt in his life. He had only to knock it in the hole to become 1 up, and practically certain of the £25.

Moyra held her breath.

Peter struck, straight and true. The ball raced for the hole. He was bending forward to pick it out, when an extraordinary thing happened. Six inches from the hole the ball jumped and leapt clean over the tee.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Peter.

Krein stepped forward and pressed the ground with his foot.

"There must have been something there," he said.

Peter got down on his hands and knees and searched the grass with his fingers. He could see and feel nothing to account for the extraordinary behaviour of his ball.

The two men walked towards the last tee. Moyra lingered behind. Peter, looking back, saw her bending over the green.

"Have you dropped anything?" he called.

"It is all right, I have found it," she said, rising from her knees and walking on after them.

At the last tee they found a block, the couple ahead having lost their ball. There was a seat just by the tee. Peter flung himself down on it. After throwing away two chances on the greens his confidence was beginning to waver for the first time that afternoon. All square and one to go! He couldn't contemplate the idea of losing that last hole. Twenty-five pounds meant so much to him and Moyra—the whole difference between another ten days holiday, and having to go back to hot, airless London.

He looked sideways at his young wife as she sat beside him. She was taking things calmly anyway. Indeed, there was a queer little smile about her lips.

"Come and sit down, Mr. Krein," she called, "you want rest, I am sure." Her right hand patted the seat invitingly.

Krein came over and sat down heavily.

The next instant he gave a piercing yell.

"O—oh!—O-ho!"

Jacob Krein jumped to his feet, his left hand clapped to his back. "O-ho—O-oh! Something have stung me," he danced with pain.

"Let's look." Peter got up quickly. He lifted the skirt of Jacob Krein's coat. It was possible he had sat on a wasp or a hornet.

Scanning carefully the seat of his opponent's breeches, Peter saw something sticking out. With a deft twitch he removed the object. He held it up and examined it.

It was a bright green pin.

Peter had never seen a green pin before. He studied the one he held in his hand with care. Scratching it with his finger nail, he found it was an ordinary white pin covered with a thin coating of green enamel.

"Where did this come from?" he asked, looking perplexedly at Jacob Krein.

From the expression on Krein's face, and his gestures, it was evident where the pin came from.

Peter looked at his wife. She held a handkerchief to her mouth, and her shoulders shook with laughter. She controlled herself with an effort.

"He . . . he's been sticking them in the greens to spoil your putts," she said. "I—I saw him put the last one in, and picked it up after you'd gone. N—n—now he's sat on it."

Peter turned to Krein. "Is this true?"

"I have sat on the pin, damn it, yes," answered the latter.

"Mr. Krein, I don't think we need play the last hole. I'll come back with you to the club-house and you can write me out a cheque. In the meanwhile, if you don't mind, I'll keep your pin as—er—an interesting souvenir of our visit to Apple-Combe."

ARTHUR MILLS

BY G. E. STUDDY

TOP HOLE!

A Summer Engagement

BY NORMAN KEENE

BENT ON CONQUEST

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

WHO would ever have thought that we in these traditionally dem'd, damp, moist (though *not* altogether unpleasant) islands would, in any possible circs., have found anything too bad to say of our traditional climate, and even burst out as hymners of the very downpours at which, for years and years and years, we have cried and kicked and screamed?

卐 卐

BUT we might almost be dwellers in parched tropic climes, mightn't we, with our tongues hanging out for the first bare suspicion of a shower, to judge by some of the wails that go up to heaven when we *do* for once happen to strike a dry patch, like in this glorious and droughty summer of 1921? Even the poets-of-the-moment have been busy at it as bees. "Beautiful rain!" writes one.....

We have not loved you enough,
Beautiful rain—
Your arrows, slanted and silver,
Your pearls in string,
Your rainbowed and rippling cadence
And delicate, clear refrain,
The whisper of leaves new-laved and the rush
Of the birds' wet wing . . .

卐 卐

WHILE another sings of the frantic joy that ought to fill our hearts—

Because the glad streams are running
By hills and valleys,
Because the springs are filling;
The wet wind blows,
The draught of life flows fast
From a brimming chalice,
The world's as sweet as a rose—
A rain-wet rose.

卐 卐

NOT that rain's very much good to us now, so they say, even if we were to have tons and tons and deluges and deluges of it. Can't do any good to the crops—and as to all our gardens and places. . . . Oh! it's a perfect tragedy, isn't it? Khaki-coloured grass everywhere, and brown and shrivelled plants, and drooping shrubs, and even the sturdy evergreens turned into listless, brown-tinged things that crackle and fall to bits at the slightest puff of a gusty wind. Good thing for us, though, perhaps, just to begin, anyway, to realise that the extremes aren't always best, and how it takes all sorts of weathers, as well as other things, to make a really sane and habitable world.

卐 卐

RAIN as well as sunshine—work as well as play, even sadness, as well as joy. Life's like that, isn't it? You can't have one without the other, what? Though me for joy and sunshine and play all the time, I must confess, whenever it can be arranged. After all, what's the use of worrying till the worry comes right along, as someone in the U.S.A. once put it?

卐 卐

SINGULAR and delightful lack of worry, by the way, here in London now—except, that is, for the little worries of those of us who happen to be planning to get out of it and can't. All the big shows are over, the holidayest of the holiday months is well on its way, and Town is technically "empty," spite of a few odd millions who continue to live and have their unfashionable being there. Anyway, there's one thing—clothes don't matter, not one bit.

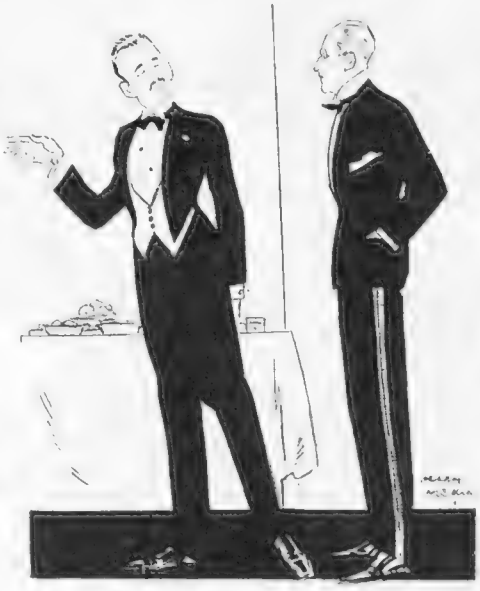
"Their alleged Deauville holiday was really spent in Dover Street"

卐 卐

NOBODY being (theoretically) in Town, you can wear what you like, and there's (theoretically) no one to notice whether you're clad in the latest from Paris, or the day before yesterday's as purchased in Tottenham Court Road or Westbourne Grove. Country clothes may be worn by men and suburban ones by us women (if we've got the courage to buy them) without any sort of risk of discovery, or, anyway, betrayal. Because, even if the worst comes to the worst and you do meet someone you know with a *penchant* for doing the absolutely and completely correct thing, their lips, too, are sealed because

they'd very much rather be dead than have it known that their alleged Deauville holiday was really spent in Dover Street, or their Scotch shooting-box in cold, hard fact situated in the highlands of High Street, Kensington.

AND there's no rush, no hurry about things, as there was while the season was still on, even if you happened to be one of the world's workers. Shopping, if any, can be done in comparative peace. Bond Street is not thronged, and even Oxford Street has ceased for the moment to be a perfect hive of purchasing industry. At the restaurants you can be fairly certain of getting your table without booking it two days beforehand, and at the dance-places—well, there aren't many open, so that particular form of pleasure can't be called congested, either, I suppose, can it?



"At the restaurants you can be fairly certain of getting your table"

RATHER pleasant, really, to wander through London these holiday days and really *see* it, perhaps for the very first time, just as it is. Especially if you happen to meet one of the parties of Americans or other perfectly good and fresh explorers of the great metropolis who are to be encountered at this season of the year, and can manage to attach yourself, as if also one of the innocents, to their exploring party.

"To meet one of the parties of Americans"

THERE are such lots of things to be seen and enjoyed if you don't happen to be a local inhabitant, or can pretend to yourself (and others) that you aren't. . . .

What do they know of London
Who only London know?

quoth the poet—or *would* have quothed, if he had ever really realised the joy of being an explorer and discoverer of your own city. The Tower, St. Paul's, the Abbey . . . all these sort of places are really simply frightfully absorbing and intriguing if only you can force yourself to be a temporary tripper and imagine yourself going round and thoroughly "doing" Paris, or Madrid, or Rome!

INSTEAD of which—well, really *must* be the silly season now, I think, now they've started writing to the papers (and being printed), too, about such soul-stirring subjects as "Do partridges drink?" or "Why do you sing in your bath?" Not that *I've* ever sung in mine, have you? And what with the water shortage and only about two inches of liquid sustenance being allowed to their guests by careful (male) hosts, can't say there's any great and overwhelming temptation to burst into *Te Deums* on these occasions just at present, what?

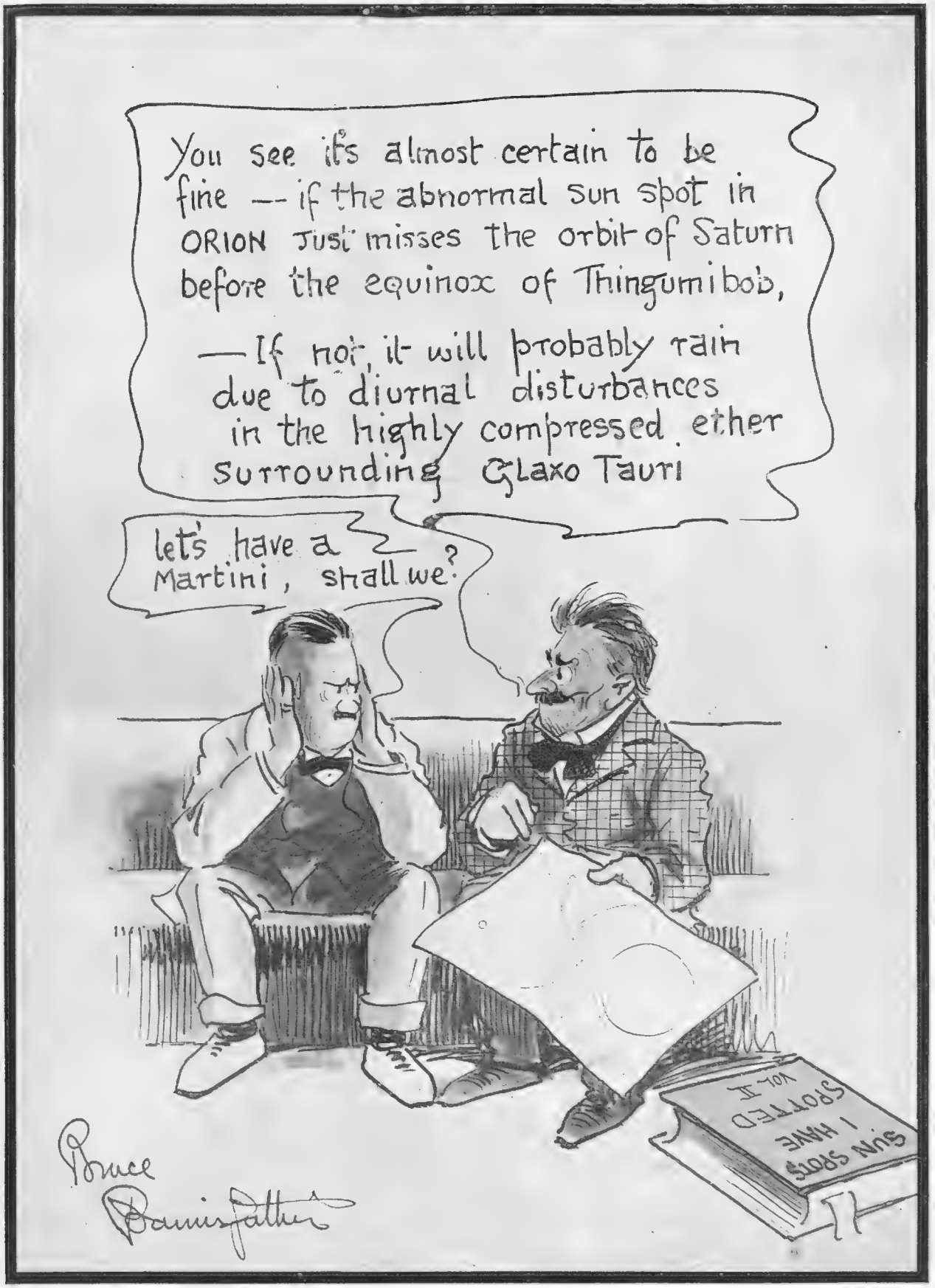
"With our tongues hanging out for the first suspicion of a shower"

HORSE Show week at Dublin happening just now, of course, and I hear there's going to be an almost pre-War crowd for it, too, spite of Irish troubles and the counter-attractions of Evian and Dieppe and Ostend and Spa and all the rest of the foreign resorts, not to mention the shooting of grouse in Scotland. Where, by the way, even the Royals, so faithful in keeping up the London season to the very last, are due next week. So then we really *shall* feel we've come to the "dead" times, shan't we?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Ought To Be a Big "Fine" For This



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

These scientific friends of ours are not very soothing after all

SPORTS & PASTIMES

YACHTING

Heavy Weather at Cowes

THE weather at Cowes last week was mainly of the type which rejoices the heart of the hard-weather yachtsman. On the Tuesday (when the King's Cup was raced for) and on the Wednesday, the day on which Field-Marshall Sir Henry Wilson and Sir Charles Seely were washed over-board (fortunately without serious results) it was blowing hard enough to provide a severe test of seamanship and weatherliness, and although too much wind is infinitely preferable to too little, several of the yachts sustained damage to their gear, and were accordingly placed temporarily or permanently, as far as the week was concerned, out of commission.

Some of the Unlucky Ones

MR. R. H. LEE'S *Terpsichore*, unlucky as ever, was unable to start for the King's Cup, and Mr. C. P. Johnson's *Moonbeam*, last year's winner, was disabled in the course of the race, which was won by the Earl of Dunraven's ketch, *Cariad*, who thus repeated a victory gained on several previous occasions. Mrs. Workman's *Nyria* was another sufferer, and it would appear that her Bermudian rig is better suited to light weather than to a heavy blow.

"Britannia" at Her Best

THE King's famous old cutter, *Britannia*, on the other hand, seemed positively to revel in the hard weather, and won her races in convincing fashion; she was in first-rate trim, was beautifully handled, and (partly because of this) her gear stood well. The King himself sailed on board of her, and, as will be seen from an illustration appearing elsewhere in this issue, took part in the handling of her, like the keen sailorman that he is.

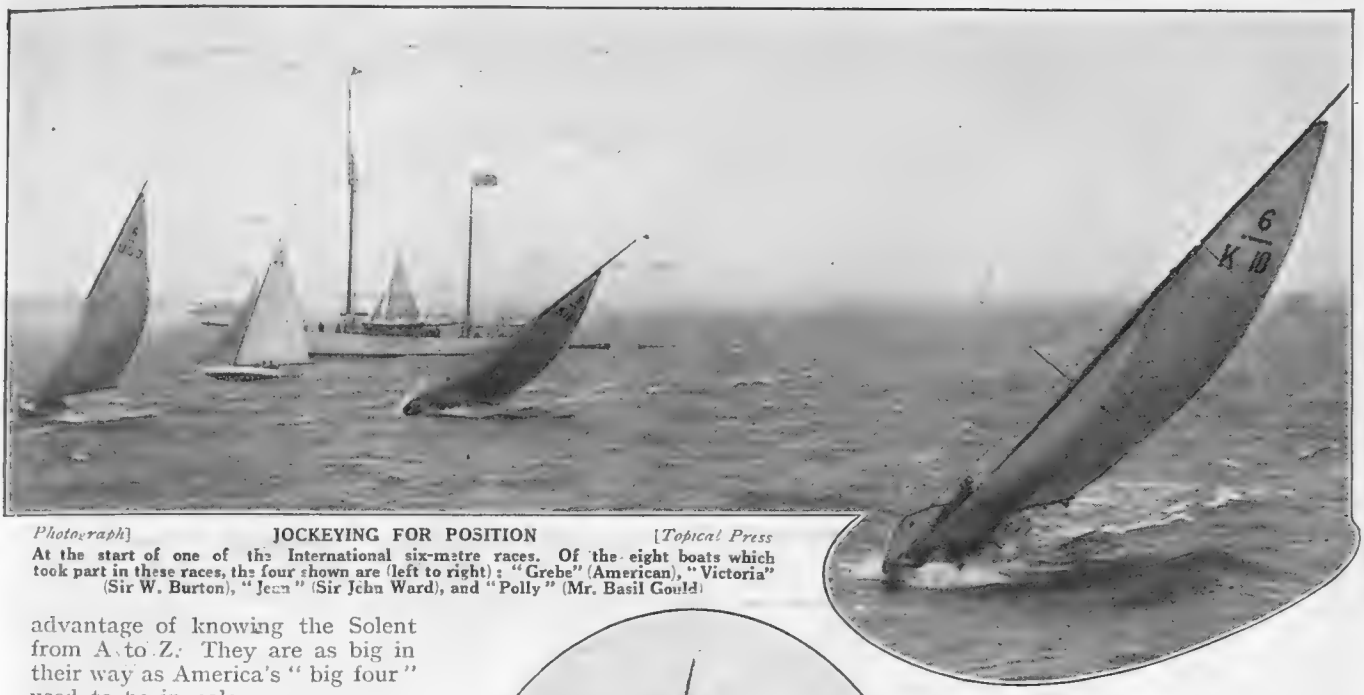
England's Big Four

POPULAR as was the racing among the big boats with the holiday folk—especially when the King won—it was also observable that unusual interest was displayed in the international six-metre contests. Even the comparatively uninitiated were roused to great enthusiasm by the spectacle of those eight staunch little ships battling for supremacy and by the masterful way in which they were sailed. And here let me say at once that, in my humble opinion, the Americans came out of the ordeal with infinite credit. In the matter of actual speed I think there was very little to choose between their boats and ours, but they were up against four helmsmen in Mr. Granville Keele, Mr. Evelyn Parker, Sir Ralph Gore, and Sir William Burton, as clever as any four in the world, with the added

Photograph *Central News*

THREE OF THE BIG CUTTERS RACING AT COWES

"Britannia" is here seen, with the King on board, ahead of "Nyria" with "Terpsichore" in her wake. In the heavy weather which prevailed during the greater part of the week "Britannia" proved invincible



Photograph JOCKEYING FOR POSITION [*Topical Press*

At the start of one of the International six-metre races. Of the eight boats which took part in these races, the four shown are (left to right): "Grebe" (American), "Victoria" (Sir W. Burton), "Jean" (Sir John Ward), and "Polly" (Mr. Basil Gould)

advantage of knowing the Solent from A to Z. They are as big in their way as America's "big four" used to be in polo.

A Sporting Encounter

A POINT worth emphasising is that the competition is a team competition, which, to my mind, makes it all the more sporting and less likely to be won by a series of lucky accidents. With eight starters—four American and four English—the first boat home scores eight points, the second seven, and so on right down to the eighth, who (if she finishes) scores one. The championship goes to the nation whose boats between them score the highest aggregate of points in six races. For real sport a competition of this kind knocks the America Cup into a cocked hat.

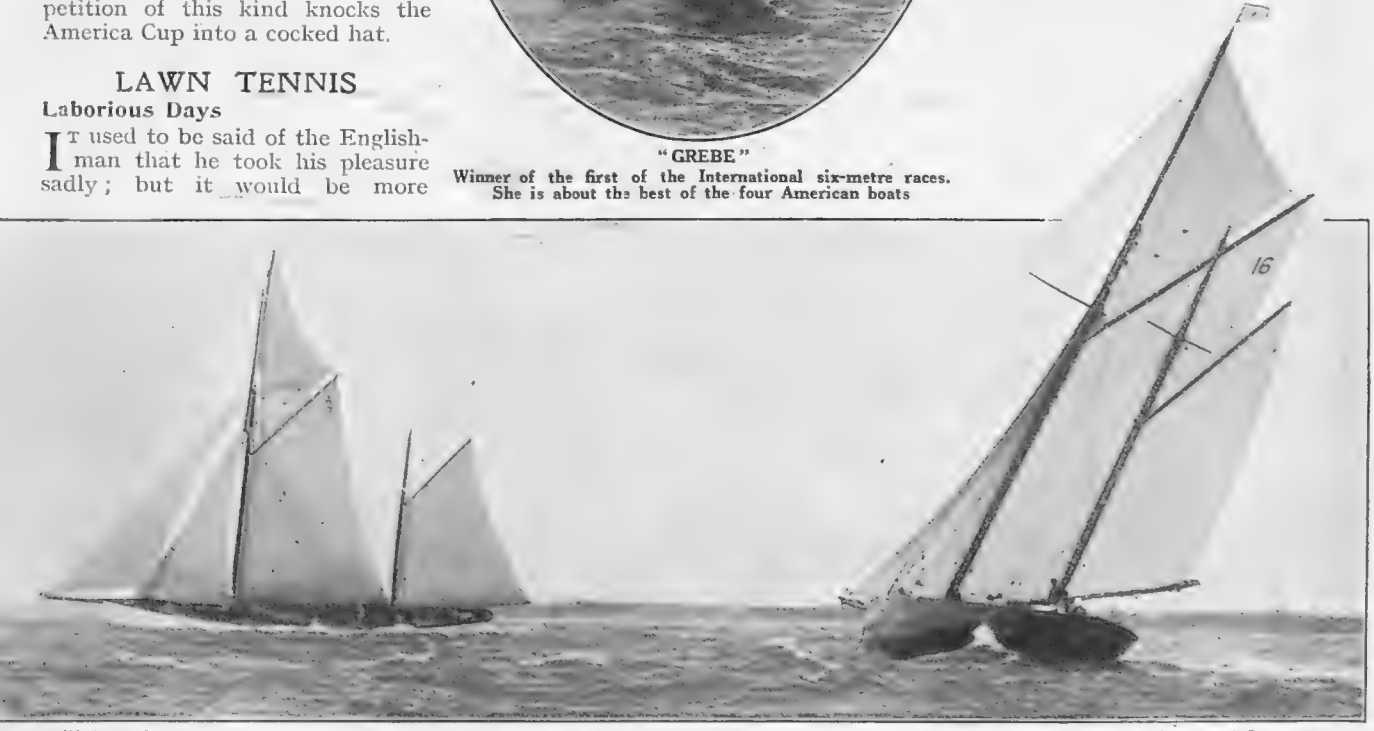
LAWN TENNIS

Laborious Days

IT used to be said of the Englishman that he took his pleasure sadly; but it would be more appropriate nowadays to say that he takes it strenuously. This is more particularly true in the case of those who spend their holidays playing in lawn tennis tournaments. Of these gatherings there are more than ever there used to be, and yet, owing to the extraordinary vogue of the game, many of them are so overloaded with entries that they can only be carried through within the time allotted to them by keeping the competitors in a continual state of hustle from 10 a.m. (or earlier) until 9 p.m. (or later) every day, and, even so, it has practically got to be fine all the time. When it

"GREBE"

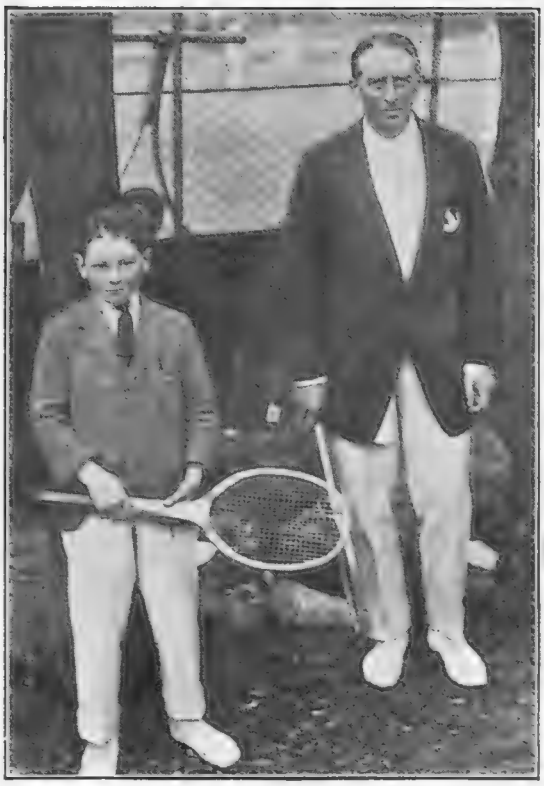
Winner of the first of the International six-metre races. She is about the best of the four American boats



Photograph *Sport and General*

"CARIAD" WINS THE KING'S CUP

The Earl of Dunraven's ketch "Cariad" (left) a typical heavy-weather boat won the King's Cup at Cowes on the roughest day of the week. The other ketch is Sir William Portals "Valdora" which finished third. The Earl of Dunraven has now won the King's Cup four times



Photograph *Photo Press*

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

M. J. G. Ritchie, the veteran lawn tennis player and his son, who is only eleven years old, played together in the men's handicap doubles at the Angmering-on-Sea tournament last week

Working at Play

RECENTLY I was present at a tournament where rain caused a cessation of play for four hours, or thereabouts, on the last day but one. The result was that the finish became a veritable *tour de force*. One lady played nine matches in the course of the last day (she won the last of them somewhere about 8 p.m.), and several other players had six or more to their credit. Other similar feats of endurance have been recorded elsewhere. And yet nobody seems to mind — as yet.

The conclusion I have arrived at is that we are finding in our games an outlet for the almost feverishly energetic habits which we acquired during the War. The fun, of course, consists in applying them to our games and not to our work. But all the same, the time must inevitably come when we shall awaken to the fact that working at play is just about as senseless as playing at work.

isn't—well, other and more drastic methods, such as the decision of matches by one set, have to be resorted to.

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. D. MARSHALL

Winner of the Amateur Punting Championship recently held at Shepperton. The holder, M. Winstanley, was beaten in the first heat by L. H. Crispe, who capsised in the final, leaving Marshall to finish alone

CRICKET

The Fifth Test

INTEREST in the fifth Test Match, which is due to begin at the Oval on Saturday next, has, no doubt, been stimulated by the fact that in the fourth match at Manchester the England team, for the first time since last autumn, had the best of the play. And yet our eleven will have to do far better than that before they can hope to have a chance of winning. In many respects the Manchester match was one of the most unsatisfactory Tests ever played.

M. C. NOKES (Magdalen, Oxford)

Who, in the recent athletic contest between combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge and Cornell and Princeton, threw the hammer 160 ft. 3 in. which beat the International Inter-'Varsity record, set up only a few days previously by J. P. Brown, of Harvard

Faulty Tactics

ALTHOUGH a whole day had been lost owing to rain our men seemed quite unable to realise when they got to work that they were engaged upon a two-day match, and the majority of them proceeded to bat as though they had a week in which to make their runs. Then, again, when the Australians went in and time was even more than ever "of the essence of the contract," our bowlers frequently wasted it by bowling

Photograph THE PHILADELPHIAN PILGRIMS TAKING THE FIELD [*L.N.A.*

In their match against the Royal Artillery, whom they beat at Woolwich last week by seven wickets. This team of American cricketers arrived in Liverpool on July 23 for a tour in this country of about a month's duration

Photograph *Stort & General*

W. I. HUNTER

The Amateur Golf Champion who in spite of his heavy handicap (plus four) won the first division competition in the open amateur contest for the "Peace Cups" at North Foreland last week

off the wicket, and the Australians were, of course, wise enough to let such bowling severely alone; whilst although the only thing worth aiming at was to get the Australians out the English captain persevered with only four bowlers until nothing else but a draw could possibly happen.

That Declaration Incident

ON the top of all this there was that astonishing illegal declaration made by the English captain at ten minutes to six on the Monday night owing to his having presumably forgotten that he was engaged in a two-day match. Valuable time was wasted in repairing this stupid blunder, and not only did the crowd—puzzled to divine what was happening—become obstreperous, but the whole situation had such an unsettling effect upon the players themselves that the match at one time looked like degenerating into a farce.

"England Expects——"

COMMENTING upon this incident the *Field* says that although the Australians doubtless realised that the declaration was the result of ignorance, the Australian nation will see in it an attempt to gain an advantage over the Australians by putting them in for twenty minutes or so. "The whole incident," continues the *Field*, "shows only too clearly the way in which English cricket has drifted." These criticisms, coming from a paper which is usually at some pains to emphasise the stability of English cricket, are significant, and we can only hope that our men, when they enter upon the fifth Test, will realise that it is up to them to do their utmost to make us forget the painful impressions created by the fourth. H. S. S.

Photograph EARL HAIG'S FIRST WIN—AT GOLF [*Photo Illus. Co.*

Earl Haig scored his first win in open competition at North Foreland last week when he won the second division competition for the Peace Cups. Names (left to right) The Hon. C. N. Lawrence, Lady Victoria Haig, Mr. E. C. Oak Rhind, Lord Haig and Lady Haig.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Autumn Double

WHAT about the autumn double? It's a bit early, I know. Weights and acceptances are not out yet, and cautious folk always wait for them. But there is a big section of the racing community in whom the bump of discretion is not abnormally developed, and for many weeks they have been puzzling over this Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire business. Big bookmakers like Douglas Stuart have already a very large book on the double event. There is something particularly fascinating in trying to land a big coup for a small outlay, and after years of hard racing experience I find myself as eager as the rest of punters.

An Elusive Quest

I HAVE never quite brought off the big autumn double, though one of my best friends got home with Air Raid and Zinovia at a time when so many of us were busily engaged on a sterner pursuit than racing. The nearest I ever got was with Grave Greek and Cantilever. The former was just beaten; the other won. Still, I do not despair of doing the trick, and I do not mind confessing that soon after the Epsom meeting I took 1,000 to 1 about Periosteum and Leighton. Soon afterwards Periosteum won the Ascot Gold Cup, so he is bound to be given a very big weight for the Cesarewitch. Still, he is just the sort of horse to carry a great burden successfully.

A Cambridgeshire Horse

I AM very fond of Leighton's prospects in the Cambridgeshire, and if you are taking any doubles I should like you to give him a chance. We have not seen the best of him this season. You will have noticed how careful Harry Cottrill has been not to take any risks with the colt on the hard ground. You have a wide variety of good stayers to choose from in the Cesarewitch. I daresay many will choose Bracket again. The cancellation of the Cambridgeshire last season was a heavy blow to those who had taken this mare with Square Measure and other likely horses for the second race. What the followers of Donoghue would have won if Square Measure had followed up Bracket's success amounted to a fabulous sum. The mare is as good as ever she was, and you know that she will get the Cesarewitch course.

Long Distance Horses

BUT will she be the chosen representative of Reggie Day's stable? Here you have an establishment with quite a number of good stayers among the Cesarewitch entries, and if you pick one of them now you must be prepared for the stable to produce something better. I do not suppose that Day has yet any definite idea as to which he will ultimately advise his patrons to run. One horse who can be counted as a tolerably sure starter for the long-distance event is Front Line, whose form so far this season can be safely ignored. Try a modest investment on Front Line and Leighton. I think you will at least have a good chance of having a run for your money. And that is always something to be thankful for.

The Holiday Season

WE have now arrived at one of the quietest stages of the racing season. Holidays are the order, and the attendances in the club enclosures since Goodwood have been decidedly thin. Racing people will not get properly together again until the York fixture, but there are still big crowds in the public stands. I have seldom seen more people at Sandown Park than was the case on Bank Holiday, while the crush at Brighton was intense. Unfortunately, the racing on White Hawk Hill did not prove particularly entertaining. It is a flukey kind of course, and the luck of the draw in the short distance events is much too important to be to my liking. Tetrameter never had a chance against Star Grass last week, and you need take no notice of the poor show he made.

"JOE" CHILDS By "THE TOUT"

Who has been "bang on the premises" in this season's Classics, to say nothing of steering "Lemonora" to victory in the Grand Prix

Some Selections

THE mid-week fixtures at Kempton Park and Redcar are about of equal interest. Lembach is in the International Plate on Wednesday, but he will probably be given a good rest after his double effort at Goodwood, and I look upon **Fordingbridge** as a likely winner. Lord Derby's colours may also be carried successfully in the Greenwood Welter on the same afternoon. I expect to see **Austin Friars** win at Redcar if he is sent to run in the Foal Stakes on Wednesday, while on the second day **Corcass** may take the Breeders' Stakes. The Redcar Handicap will offer a big puzzle to North Country racegoers. I have a fancy for **Royal Ashe**, who, you will remember, was quite a tip for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. At Windsor on Friday **Mountaineer** is my selection for the Castle Handicap, and **Orange Maiden** appears to have a chance on her Goodwood running in the Summer Handicap on Saturday.

From George the Third
To George the Fifth
One hundred years long.
Born 1820. Still going strong.

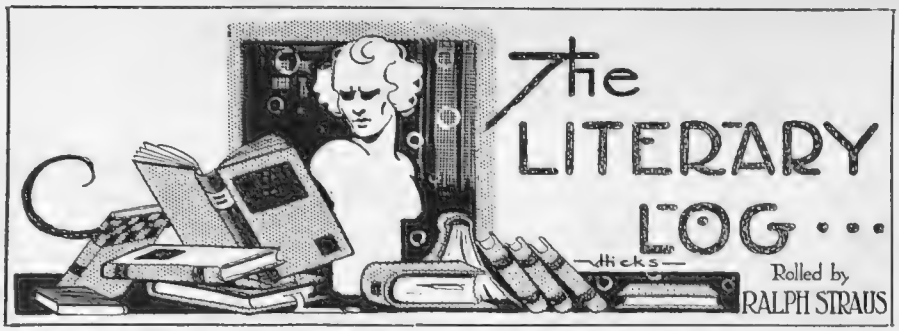
JOHNNIE WALKER TRAVEL SERIES. NO. 27 GUIANA.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "It is interesting to note how Natives cling to their old institutions."

TOURIST: "Exactly. It is for the same reason that civilised nations stick to you—they have proved them good."

Guaranteed same quality all over the World.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



NOWADAYS the penalties of fame are many and various. Public figures are obliged to submit to an amount of scrutiny—a sort of perpetual inspection—which once would have been considered unnecessary, if not impertinent. But if the scrutiny be well done, and by one in a position to *know*, the world will be the richer for his work. It is one thing for a pseudonymous scribbler to set forth a dish of faintly malicious vignettes concerning those public men about whom he may have been collecting gossip for years past—never a difficult thing to do—but it is another when a writer, who is on terms of intimacy with his subjects, lifts the veil just so far as good taste and a sense of history suggest. The author of *Makers of the New World* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) does not give his name, but you have only to read a few pages of his fascinating book before becoming aware that the "By One Who Knows Them" which follows the title contains nothing but the simple truth.

❀ ❀

FOR the most part the book deals with those who played leading parts at the Peace Conference. It contains no mere *apologia* for this or that figure, but, with material at his command of the most particular importance, the author paints a picture which, while authoritative, in no wise approaches that "official explanatory" publication beloved of some departments. I can imagine that an extreme Wee Free may find fault with the portrait of Lloyd George. I dare say that there will be readers who will accuse the author of misunderstanding ex-President Wilson. Yet it will be impossible, even for them, to deny that in these pages much that remained obscure at the time of the Conference—even after the appearance of Mr. Keynes's book and its successors—can now be understood. There is nothing cruel or malicious in these pages. You read them through at a sitting and then—why, surely, you must have been one of the Big Four yourself! You must have been sharing the labours of that extraordinary man, Sir Maurice Hankey. For now you see how that old Tiger behaved, and hear the queer, bitter things he was wont to say, and learn why he never became President. Now you see how Sir Henry Wilson came to the front, and why the American President returned to his own country a broken and discredited man. You hear the truth about the Majestic Hotel (about which, you remember, there used to be such ridiculous stories), and you begin to understand in some small measure the *work* that had to be done. *Makers of the New World* is all too short. It is a brilliant piece of work, full of apt stories and characteristic thumb-nail sketches and little tense scenes of which none of the other books have told. Who the author may be I know not, but his friends should persuade him to produce a companion volume without delay.

❀ ❀

WHO killed Sir William Ponson, whose body was found in a river adjoining his own estate? It might have been his son, Austin, with whom he had not been on the best of terms. Austin's alibi was decidedly odd, and his double purchase of boots very suspicious. But it might have been nephew Cosgrave, who had been spending far too much money in London. On the night of the tragedy his movements had also been peculiar. And did Inspector Tanner succeed in unravelling the mystery? On page 68 of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts' new story, *The Ponson Case* (Collins: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), I spotted a hint of the truth, but by no means guessed the correct solution of Sir William's death. Mr. Crofts is essentially a skilful story-teller,

❀ ❀

IT is claimed for Mr. W. E. B. Henderson's story, *The Sleeping Fires* (Hurst and Blackett: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), that it strikes a "new note" in fiction. One has become a little suspicious of those "new notes." Mr. Henderson's story of Viva Barrington's adventures in love is outspoken and never forced, but its "note" is hardly new. Mr. Barrington returns home to find that his wife has been kissed by a good-looking soldier, and, apparently, enjoyed it. Husband and wife separate, and Mrs. Barrington is also kissed by young Brian and pursued by a nasty Holbrooke. There is a jolly Duchess, however, who patches things up, and all is well. Mr. Henderson does not mince matters, a fact which is in his favour, but Viva is not an exceptional woman, and the sleeping fire may be found in dozens of other novels. It is, however, a readable story.

R. S.

VISITING NORWAY

Norway has become distinctly popular as a holiday resort, and the trips organised through its fjords form a great attraction. Above are some distinguished guests who travelled on one of the R.M.S.P. boats recently. Left to right: The Duke of Alba and Berwick, Lord Ashley, the eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Grenville, and, on the extreme right, the Duke and Duchess of Durcal

No Charge

for a 10-Day Test. Simply send the coupon and watch the delightful results

The New Laws

on teeth cleaning—five of them.

Dental science has adopted new laws on teeth cleaning. They mean whiter, cleaner teeth to those who follow them.

Millions employ these new methods largely by dental advice. Now this ten-day test is offered to show every home the results.

1—Fight the film

The first law is to fight film—that viscous coat you feel. It dims the teeth and is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains. Old ways of brushing do not end it. So few have escaped some form of film effect.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Two methods now

Two ways are now known to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

Both are embodied in Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. They keep the teeth uniquely clean and also highly polished.

Three other laws

Modern starchy diet also calls for other helps to Nature. So every use of Pepsodent brings these three desired results.

1.—A multiplied salivary flow. 2.—Multiplied starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. 3.—Multiplied alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Thus Pepsodent fights two deposits—film and starch—which may affect the teeth. Also mouth acids, and in Nature's way.

Brings a new era.

These mean vast improvements on old methods. In fact, old methods brought the opposite effects. Pepsodent has introduced a new era in teeth cleaning, and millions now enjoy it.

Now we urge that you send for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Feel the other good effects.

Then decide by what you see and feel. Do this for your own sake. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

646

10-DAY TUBE FREE.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 153, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

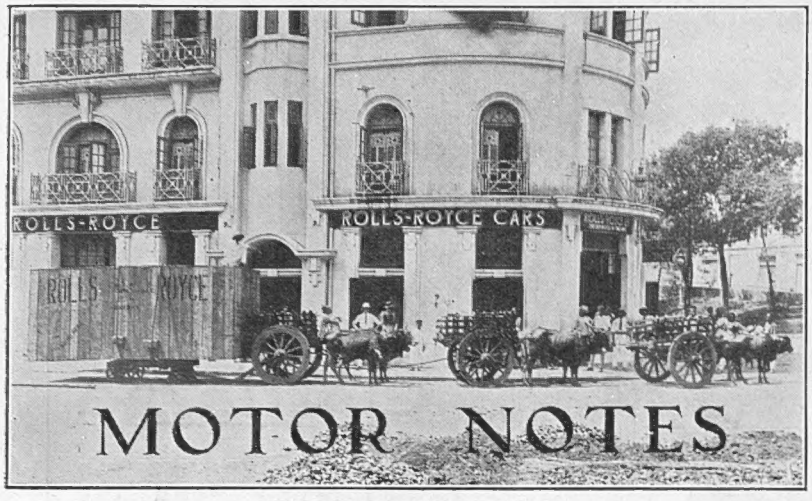
Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 10/8



MOTOR NOTES

THE UBIQUITOUS ROLLS

The arrival of one of these famous cars at the firm's depot at Bombay. A Rolls-Royce was recently supplied to the Viceroy of India

WITHOUT trying to pose as a prophet, I am thinking the result of the Grand Prix is going to start the theorists on a fine argument as to the benefit of the very multi-cylinder engine. As the 2,000 c.c. Ballot finished third, only about seven miles an hour slower—71 to 78 m.p.h. average—than the winning U.S.A. Duesenberg, I am expecting to hear the voices of the "four-cylinder" merchants raised high in trying to drown those favouring six or eight "explosion boxes." As a matter of fact, I had a run on a four-cylinder Sizaire-Berwick the other day, and you could not have distinguished its silence and pulling powers from a good six-cylinder motor. But this is the high-class, smooth-gliding gentlewoman's car, with none of your hit-you-in-the-back kick-off as you accelerate, like some of the "sporty" boys demand. Of course, it is not a low-priced article, but I doubt if there is anything better for the cash asked for it in its particular category. Finely balanced engines cost money to build, and this Sizaire-Berwick is a really super-excellently balanced four-cylinder motor. Try it yourself and see if you don't want to buy it at once, that is, if the cash is available.

WRITING about balanced engines always brings me back to Rolls-Royce, for it was this attribute that really laid the foundation to their pre-eminent success. It was these works that started our motoring experiences of cars that glide in place of proceeding in jerks. Yet, strange to say, the modern tendency of would-be owners of fast cars is to expect a "kick in the back" when they put their foot down on the accelerator pedal. So greatly has this desire for the jerk come about that even the latest Rolls-Royce can provide it when you want to accelerate from twenty miles an hour to sixty miles an hour in a few yards. I know because I took a ride in the very latest Rolls-Royce last week, and it would jump away as quickly as a cat gets off the mark. Of course, that is very nice and wonderful acceleration, but I am glad that one can still get that gentle, yet ever-increasing, speed glide from the latest Rolls-Royce if one's foot gently presses the accelerator instead of falling on it like a ton of coals. By the way, now the rain has come we shall have to think about coals, shan't we?

* *
*

ALL the same, the modern driver is not developing "hands," if one might apply this equine phrase to feet, as I should like to see. He or she seems to like this feeling of leaping forward suddenly, to the dismay and surprise of the passengers. That is why the four-cylinder Vauxhalls sell like hot cakes because they can jump into a

(*Continued on page 314*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Negatives and Positives

ECONOMY.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

ECONOMY is a virtue practised only of necessity. And like most virtues it is exceedingly unalluring.

It is magnificent in the other people, but miserable when applied to oneself.

Therefore, one can understand, even if one refuses to excuse, the prodigal extravagance of our Governmental rulers. For in finance at least they are human, since no one is economical with other people's money.

But when the prodigals return to the home of their constituencies, they will find the fatted calf has long since died. And their feast will be upon the bones of British industry. Then, perhaps, the mighty will have no seats.

* * * * * *

In matters of finance the Government display a callousness which would be laughable were it not tragic. Admonition is futile; words are, to them, like water on an octopus' back. One thing only would check their mad extravagance, and that is the stoppage of financial supplies.

There has been no limit to the excess of their demands in taxation. They have taken the trousers from our backs, and pawned them for a mess of potamia.

But the Arabian nights are over and we are faced with the grey dawn of reality.

The nation has been mercilessly overtaxed beyond its capacity, and the estimated revenue for 1921-22 will not be forthcoming. When the Government wake up to this fact, they will all be Ministers without portfolios, and without £5,000 a year. And then we shall have economy—but only by necessity.

* * * * * *

I apologise for my atavism—which is usually a sign of decadence—for I wrote a series of articles in 1917 forecasting the present position. But now I am purely impersonal, for it will be immaterial to me if the income tax is 19s. 11d. in the £1, since neither my firm nor scarcely any of the big businesses anticipate making any profits during 1921.

For a period I shan't drink Perrier-Jouet 1911 at 35s. a bottle, but shall content myself with Perrier Water 1921 at 1s. And if I write dully on unalcoholic nectar, it will still be atmospheric, for these are dull and slumpy times.

There is only one sound economy, and that is Pope & Bradley's clothes, but, apparently, even they conspire against me for they don't seem to wear out. The prices have been fixed at an irreducible minimum to meet the reduced spending capacity of the public.

The following prices show no profit whatever to the House. Should anyone doubt this statement they may apply for verification to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

'BP'

MOTOR "BP" SPIRIT

MOTOR SPIRIT

Look for this Sign:

'Best Possible - spirit always means best possible running.'

Notice how your engine "picks up" when you've filled up with B.P.—the "clean" spirit. Perfect carburation means perfect combustion and quick acceleration. Try B.P., you'll always want it, and you can always get it.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.

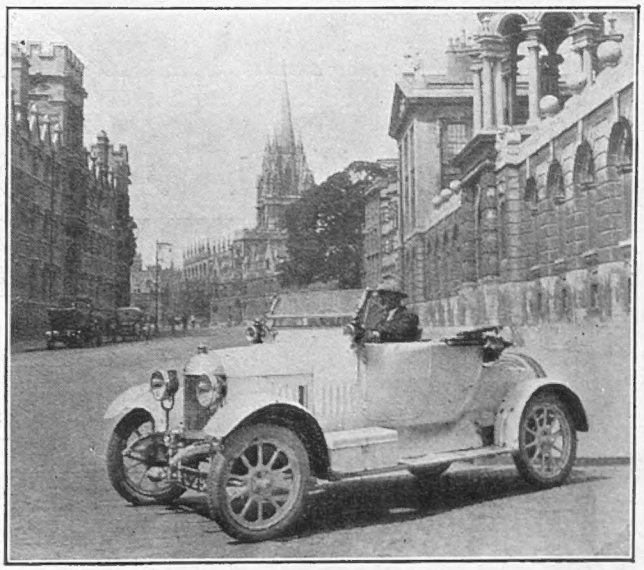
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C., 3

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

high speed like a greyhound off the leash from a standing start. Wonderfully good cars are these Vauxhalls. The favourite owner-driven four-cylinder *rapide* for the sporting class of motorists is this Vauxhall, because of its get-away qualities. Still, I am old-fashioned enough to like the glide best, and so my foot goes down gently when I handle them on the road, as, though nothing is more exasperating than to drive a "woolly" engine, one ought to consider the other occupants of the 'bus as well. And they don't like these sudden leaps. It disarranges their head-gear, to say nothing of their spinal cord.

* * *

BROOKLANDS will have an excellent sporting meeting on Saturday (August 13) for cars, cycle-cars, and motor-cycles run by the Essex Motor Club. Racing commences at 2 p.m., so all the motoring world and their sweethearts and wives can get there without any hustling in time to have an *alfresco* lunch, if fine, or in the new pavilion at the fork if the weather is too cool outside. After this meeting the motor-cycling crowd will have to be seriously preparing for the Auto-Cycle Union's six-days' reliability trial. This starts from Brooklands on August 29, and the competitors proceed to Bath, with Ditteridge Hill as the chief obstacle to lose marks on. The next day they proceed to Taunton, with seven hills of more or less difficult character to overcome. A circular route, with Tiverton as the luncheon halt after Porlock has been negotiated, is the third day's itinerary, returning to Taunton for the night and proceeding next morning to Bath, *via* Yeovil, a rather easier day's run to that of the yesterday. On Friday, September 2, the motor-cycles that have survived so far proceed from Bath *via* Winchester to Brooklands, and a final burst round this track on the Saturday concludes the proceedings. It is a nice tour and strenuous enough to discover the weakness in constructional details, reliability, economy, and cleanliness of the competing machines.



A LONG TOUR

A Morris-Oxford car which has just returned from a 7,000 mile trip in France, Spain, Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco. She already had 12,000 miles to her credit before starting this last journey

* * *

OF course, the death of Harry Hawker put a gloom on the Hawker motor-cycle team in the Scottish six days, on the new 2¾ h.p. two-stroke that T.O.M. Sopwith and poor Harry recently put on the market. The side-car Hawker combination was a runner in the Butler "Cup" trial of the Surbiton and District M.C.C. recently. What "Tommy" Sopwith is aiming at is to show that a first-class reliable motor-cycle can be made and sold at a profit for £50. If he succeeds in doing this the world of wheels will be jolly glad, and I hope gold medals and successful economic production will be his. OLD HY.

THE BEST CAR

ROLLS-ROYCE

IN THE WORLD

WE wish customers, who in the future order Rolls-Royce Chassis, to enjoy the benefits arising from the reduction in wages and cost of material. For them, the price of the Chassis will be £1,850.

CHASSIS PRICE

£1850

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 15, Conduit Street, London, W.1

Telegrams: Rolhead, Reg, London. *Telephone: Gerrard 1654. (6 lines).*